

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Failure of the Conspiracy against Republicanism.

The Spaniards, after an ineffectual struggle of four years, during which they expended many thousands of lives and millions of money, have been compelled to evacuate Santo Domingo. The last of their forces left the island on the 30th of March, a Provisional Republican Government having meantime been organized. So ends the first attempt to reduce the American Republics again under European rule. So end the hopes inspired by the outbreak of our great civil war, which it was supposed and be-

lieved would break up the whole Republican System on this continent, and leave all the American States an easy prey to European cupidity and rapacity. There is something like poetical justice in the fact that it was the weakest of all the republics assailed that was first to repel the attack. The Dominican Republic has an area of only about 18,000 square miles, and had a population little, if any, exceeding 150,000 inhabitants, mostly negroes and mulattos. Yet this handful, animated by an unconquerable spirit of independence, have not only been able to resist the whole power of Spain, but to drive Spanish authority from the

island, even after it had been fully installed there through the treason of Santana and his accomplices. As observed by a daily contemporary: "For the future of the American continent and its position among the civilized nations of the world, the issue of the Dominican war of independence can have no consequences like those which will follow the restoration of the Union of these States. Still the triumph of the Dominicans will be hailed with cordial sympathy in this country. It is the most mortifying rebuke which has yet been administered to the European schemes of conquest on this continent, and both here and in

Europe it will be regarded as foreshadowing the final issue of all similar attempts."

Simultaneously with the news from Santo Domingo, we get advices of the death of the tyrant of Central America, the ignorant and brutal Carrera, of Guatemala, the tool of the reactionary faction of that country, and the instrument relied on by the French to bring Central America within the farcical Mexican Empire. His death will ensure a speedy vindication of the Liberal party in Central America, which Carrera only kept down through his influence with the ignorant and bigotted Indians, of whom he was a fair type, and with



LEWIS PAYNE, THE ASSASSIN OF MR. SEWARD, AWAITING HIS TRIAL IN THE PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON, GUARDED BY A SENTRY OF THE 2D RESERVE CORPS.—SENT BY A CORRESPONDENT.

whom no other man ever had or can have equal power. His death will be a mortal blow to the schemes of the Franco-Austrians in Mexico, and will probably speedily result in the restoration of the really liberal and enlightened Barrios, of San Salvador, to the Presidency of that thrifty little State, whence he was driven by the armed interference of Carrera, aided by local traitors and the emissaries of the plot for the incorporation of Central America with Mexico. A similar reaction will take place in Honduras, which Carrera, through threats of invasion, had kept chained in seeming, if not real acquiescence to his plans and policy.

Owing to the imbecility of the late Government of Peru, Spain was enabled to retire from her ostentatious attempts on that country, with some show of dignity, instead of being driven out humiliated and disgraced, as she might have been, had that Government reflected the temper or spirit of the people. We say the late Government of Peru, inasmuch as the indignation of the people against the base surrender of their rights and honor by the wretched Pezet, President through the death of Gen. San Roman, has led to a revolution so unanimous as to be bloodless. Latest accounts represent Pezet and his knot of corrupt adherents without any foothold except in Lima, and our next advices will probably be that he has fled aboard some French vessel of war, on his way to the bosom of Napoleon whose decorations he ostentatiously wears, and whose abject tool he has been.

Nothing now remains of the grand scheme devised by the European Powers, under the favorable circumstances afforded by our war, for the subversion of Republicanism and the partition of America, except the sickly offspring of their Unholy Alliance in Mexico. That feeble offshoot of imperialism only requires to be severely left alone by the United States in its national capacity. Maximilian, we know, is recruiting in Belgium and Austria, and has hired a Marshal or two and a number of soldiers in France, to sustain his usurpations. The legitimate Government of the country, it is said, proposes to do something of the sort elsewhere, as it certainly has an equal right to do. We will not have to wait long for the result.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1865.

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Emigration to Mexico.

THE French paper in this city, which has not only used but abused the license that its insignificance has secured for it during the four cruel years just closed, to misrepresent, belittle, and malign this country, is now in sore travail about what it calls the revival of "filibusterism." An American paper in Paris conducted as this French concern has been conducted here, under reversed circumstances, would not only have been summarily suppressed, but its publishers and editors would have been exemplarily punished. The American nation and its authorities, however, have had more serious matters in hand than that of extinguishing or even shutting up a gang of garlic-eaters, who, while they revolved among the small and none too fragrant cook shops of the city, really imagined they were doing something to form if not control public opinion. That they have done their best in the cause of falsehood and detraction, both to help the South and serve the perjurer who keeps his iron heel on the meek necks of their countrymen at home, is not to be doubted; if they did not do better, it was only the ability that was wanting not the will. Tools more abject and unscrupulous could not be found, and we hope they will soon be able to ventilate in the couloirs of the theatres, that little red ribbon in the button-hole, which in France is awarded to whoever has wit enough to escape being run over by an omnibus for a six month.

We said this French organ is distressed about the "revival of filibusterism," and it invokes the interposition of the national morality against what it denounces the "shameful and sinister designs" on Mexico. It appears that President Juarez, of our sister Republic, is engaged in a severe struggle with a mongrel head of Frenchmen, Belgians and Austrians, who have been trying for some time to deprive him of power, and to supplant him by an adventurer, one Max. Hapsburg, but

they have not yet been wholly successful. Mr. Juarez is still in the field, and is trying with patriotic tenacity to drive out the adventurers aforesaid. And, it is said, although there is no public authority for the statement, that he proposes to do this in part by inviting to Mexico such emigrants as may be supposed to sympathize with him in this laudable purpose. To them it is also said that he offers a little money and much lands, and it is presumable that a considerable number of people here and in Europe may find it equally consonant with their interests and feelings to go. We know of nothing to prevent them. Their right is as indisputable to go, as was that which has brought over to this country four hundred thousand men and women from Ireland and Germany, during the past year. If any of them chose to join the Mexican army it is their own affair. Were we to credit the statements of this French paper and its mendacious contemporaries of European origin, we should be compelled to believe that the victorious Union armies are mostly made up of men who came here under precisely such circumstances as it is alleged that men, these very men included, are now going to Mexico.

President Juarez may come here and buy arms if he likes precisely as the rebels bought arms in every country of Europe. Mr. Max. Hapsburg may do the same. If he has wherewithal to pay for them, he will get them. We have a large supply, not now necessary for use, and we are quite free to say that we shall not be sorry if President Juarez can buy them and use them successfully in driving out the French, Austrian and Belgian filibusters who are trying to subvert the Government of which he is the lawful head.

The United States knows but one authority in Mexico, and that is not Mr. Max Hapsburg. We know, and the Senate of the United States has declared that it knows no Empire of Mexico, but only the Republic of Mexico; a Republic with which we have sympathies and treaties, and whose officers are recognised in our capitol and in our ports. The foreign adventurers in that country are unknown to us, except in their character of filibusters. We do not even concede to them the cheap distinction of "belligerents." We have no quarrel with France, albeit we should like to understand a little more about the "Stonewall," and the aid and comfort extended to it in French ports; with Austria we have no cause of difference, and as for Belgium, the efforts of its imbecile old king to make his daughter, Mrs. Hapsburg, an Empress, are simply ridiculous, and we know they receive no sympathy from the people of Belgium, who are obliged, under the continental system, to accept the dotard Leopold as King. If France, or Austria, or Belgium, or all the three together desire a quarrel with us, they can be obliged with one on the shortest notice; but no threats of theirs can make the Government of the United States secede from its distinct position as the friend of the Republic of Mexico. Nor can they influence President Johnson to interfere with the privilege which is sacred, and the right which must be inviolate, that of expatriation. If any of our people, disbanded volunteers, North or South, decide to emigrate to Mexico, they can go there without violating any individual obligation of their own towards this country, and without affording any cause of complaint on the part of other nations as against us. We have no right to ask whether they intend to attach themselves to the fortunes of Maximilian or Juarez; we have only to say that when they do either the one thing or the other, they have ceased to have a claim upon the United States for protection as American citizens. We think it most likely those who go will rather incline towards Juarez. We should have a very low opinion of their sense and foresight if they did not. Meantime our Gallic contemporary had best restrain its temper and "keep a civil tongue in its head." Fairly through with our peers in the field, we may conclude on exterminating vermin—a small business but sometimes necessary. *La Cronica* and *Le Courrier de les Eclats* are a disgrace to the countries in whose respective languages they are printed, while their existence is the highest evidence of the tolerance and patience of a people whose hospitalities and protection they systematically abuse.

An Inglorious End.

On the morning of the 10th of May, in a small patch of wood near Irwinstown, Ga., about 75 miles south-east from Macon, and towards the confines of Florida, the fugitive rebel, Jeff. Davis, disguised in one of his wife's gowns, was captured by Lieut.-Col. Pritchard of the 4th Michigan cavalry. Hearing of the arrival of the Union forces in the neighborhood, it appears that he hastily put on female apparel, and ran for the woods. At first our men thought it was a woman, but the boots betrayed him, and, after brandishing a dagger, he surrendered. Reagan, the rebel post-

master, and several of his staff, were also captured at the same time.

THE last rebel army to the eastward of the Mississippi river, that under Gen. Taylor, has surrendered to Gen. Canby. Every rebel capital, with the exception of that of Texas, is now in occupation of the national troops and under the government of military officers, who retain around them just enough troops to preserve order, enforce the national authority, and punish strolling bands of robbers or individual guerrillas. Our victorious armies themselves are on their homeward march. That of the south-west, under Sherman, is moving slowly and easily northward, and will soon report itself in Washington—having traversed triumphantly every Southern State east of the Mississippi, except Florida. Our public conveyances are crowded with soldiers, bearing their evidences of honorable discharge, hastening to their homes and the pursuits of peace. The arsenals and manufacturers of arms, and the dockyards are relatively quiet, while economy and reduction of expenditures is the order of the day in every department of the Government. The recruiting booths have disappeared from the Park, and the long and sinister building in which the commissioners of the draft made out their lists for the conscription, is rapidly coming to pieces, never let us hope, to be put together again. The plow is breaking up the hard trodden ground in front of the City Hall—trodden hard under the feet of how many thousands of our brave soldiers!—and it will soon be clothed once more in its ancient mantle of green! The reality of peace is impressing itself on every mind, and making itself felt in the mart and by the fireside. The only questions of a warlike kind that obtrude themselves disagreeably on the public attention are those arising from the presence of the Franco-rebel ironclad, the "Stonewall," in the Anglo-rebel port of Nassau, and from the fact that the sole other pirate craft, the "Shenandoah," refitted and remanned in Melbourne, may be soon expected on our Pacific coast. They may still do some mischief; but it is consoling to know that if they are caught their officers and crew will as certainly be hanged as pirates, as it is certain that we have Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for President. They can offer no pretext that they are in the service of a Government of whatever kind, and they ought to be seized in any port of Christendom where they present themselves. But we cannot expect such fair treatment from neutral nations, who were so prompt to recognise them as "belligerents." England and France and our "high and mighty friends," will be far slower to recognise these sea-rovers as "pirates."

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE has written a letter to the Chairman of the Sherman Testimonial Fund in Ohio, inclosing a contribution, in which he says: "I take this moment for making it, because just now many seem disposed to forget his great services, and remember only his recent convention with Johnston. But that act, however regretted and disapproved, must not cancel in our memories, or even obscure, his splendid services. His patriotism is no more doubtful than his courage. No man's achievements have contributed more to the grand triumph of Union and freedom over rebellion and slavery. His deeds are among the choicest treasures of our own Ohio—as well as of our whole country."

WITH the consolidation of the nation, its enterprise and industry will receive a new impulse. Up to the present war the progressive and inventive genius of our people was limited, for many causes, to one-half of our territory. Not much could be expected from a nation which blundered its laborers. Ignorance and poverty are necessarily allies. Intelligent industry and capital will, for the first time, be applied to the South and Southern staples, so that the product will, in a few years, be beyond all precedent.

THE diabolical schemes of the rebels, of which the burning of New York was to be a part, and the robbery and murder in St. Albans, proved to be a consummation, and of which the assassination of the President was a culminating object, have had their parallel in the now established plot to infect the Northern cities with the yellow fever. This was to be effected by shipping here, from the Bermudas, bedding and clothes of fever patients, in the belief that they would carry the deadly contagion with them. The persons implicated were arrested, and the evidence in the case proved to be so strong that the magistrates decided to send the case to the Attorney-General for prosecution before the Court of General Assizes or Quarter Sessions. The prisoners were remanded for bail.

GEN. CANBY, in command of the army of the Mississippi, with his headquarters at Mobile, has issued a General Order, which shows that the Emancipation Proclamation of the late President was not altogether the "Pope's bull against the comet," which some people affected to believe it to be, but a practical thing, ending slavery by the process known as cutting the Gordian knot:

"All persons formerly held as slaves will be treated in every respect as entitled to the rights of freedmen, and such as desire their services will be required to pay for them. Care will be taken not to disturb abruptly the connections now existing, and all colored persons having places or employment are advised to remain, whenever the persons by whom they are employed recognize their rights and agree to compensate them for their services."

SENATOR SHERMAN, of Ohio, brother of the General, in a late speech on Abraham Lincoln, said:

"I do not now demand vengeance over the dead body of our murdered President, but I do demand that all he has promised shall be made good; that before amnesty is proclaimed the rebel flag and the rebel uniform shall be a badge of disgrace. And here is the crowning lesson of the war. All the malignant passions of the rebels turn upon and rend them. They commenced

the war to enforce the doctrine of Secession, and now the States are welded in an indestructible bond. They commenced it to perpetuate the despotism of slavery, and now their slaves are free and they are disfranchised. Their haughty aristocracy sneered at the early life and homely manners of Abraham Lincoln, and now they deplore his death, because he would have been merciful to them. They mobbed and spit upon Andrew Johnson at Lynchburg, and now they must submit to such terms as he grants them. South Carolina led off in this drama of death, and she has been visited with destruction. The lessons taught to the infamous Booth at the execution of John Brown made him the assassin of the President, and that crime closed the gates of mercy to his teachers. All their early victories have only prolonged the war to complete their ruin. So striking a manifestation of Divine Providence in the affairs of men must excite the serious reflections of mankind, and it exalts the high position attained by Mr. Lincoln, that he always regarded himself but as the instrument of Almighty God. May his ashes rest in peace, and the spirit of his counsels yet guide us through the perils of the future."

The doleful apprehensions of foreigners and of a considerable part of our dyspeptic citizens, about guerrillas and the impossibility of bringing back the participants in the rebellion into a cordial support of the Union, are likely to prove equally fallacious. The military authorities of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee have declared all men in arms against the Union outlaws, and are proceeding to hang all they catch. The same régime will be adopted in the other lately rebellious States, and will effectually destroy the hopes of our European friends, who believe, or affect to believe, that we are to have a protracted guerrilla war, and who gloat with hypocritical horror over the scenes of cruelty and murder consequent on such a condition of things. In these respects they utterly misapprehend the character and temper of our people, even in the regions where the barbarism of slavery has worked its greatest demoralization. A North Carolina correspondent of the *Herald* reports a conversation which he had with the rebel General Hardee, at Greensborough, subsequent to the surrender of Johnston, in which the prevailing sentiment of the better class of Southerners is no doubt fairly expressed:

"Gen. Hardee received me in a very cordial, generous unreserved manner. He said I talked freely on all subjects of interest at the present time. In speaking of the war, he made this remarkable assertion: 'Sir, I accept this war as the providence of God. He intended that the slave should be free, and now he is free. Slavery was never a paying institution. I have often told my friends so. For instance, my wife owned about 100 negroes; 40 of the 100 were useless for work; yet she had to feed these 40 in order to get the work of the other 60. The negro will be worse off for this war. Will any of your Abolitionists of the North feed and clothe half-a-dozen little children in order to get the work of a man and woman? Sir, our people can pay the working negroes a fair compensation for their services, and let them take care of their own families, and there have as much left at the end of the year as we had under the old system.'"

"General, do you think we will soon have real peace?"

"I do. I think the people of the South are anxious for it. They wanted it two years ago. I then saw that our cause could not succeed."

"Will we not have guerrilla warfare?"

"So help me God, sir, if we do, I am willing and ready to fight to put an end to it."

"Is the same sentiment entertained by the other general officers who have been in the Confederate service?"

"It is. I have not the slightest doubt but that they will use every means they can command to bring quietness and security again in the land. They will in no wise support those who do not obey the laws."

"How will it be in South Carolina?"

"South Carolina is the worst whipped State in the Union."

"But will not her leading spirits control the masses?"

"They, too, are crushed. She has no leading spirits now. Let me impress it upon you that the people of the South want to live in peace with the people of the North, and you will find they will do it. They will do it cheerfully, provided your Government does not resort to harsh measures. If it does resort to such measures, I cannot answer for the consequences. We staked our all on the success of our arms, and they failed; and now we are willing to return to and live under the laws of the United States as we find them, although they may not be as we would desire to have them."

To the same effect is a letter from another rebel officer described as "on the staff of one of the ablest Confederate Generals," which came to light in the *Boston Journal*. We append an extract:

"The time has at length arrived when every honest South man may, without any scruples of conscience, come forward and give in his adhesion to the new order of affairs. And, indeed, I think it the duty of every good man to raise his voice emphatically in favor of the restoration of law and order in the shortest possible space of time. I think that those who in taking arms against the old Government, were actuated by principle and not by passion, should, now that their efforts have proved useless, employ the same energies in quieting the disturbed elements of popular feeling and bringing the ignorant and wavering to an honest support of the new régime. I shall express freely my opinions to my fellow-prisoners whenever convenient, and endeavor to influence them as far as is possible. This war has been fought, not for the pulling down of one Government or the setting up of another, but for the solution of two great questions: First, that of State rights, and second, that of slavery; both these have now been brought to a final decision, and I do not find it expedient, nor do I feel inclined, longer to dispute the decision which has been so emphatically made. I do not think that we, either of the North or the South, should look with bitterness upon the past, or with passion to the future, and the blood that has been spilt will not have been shed in vain, but will serve to cement our national platform more firmly together than ever. Let bygones be bygones, I say. I intend to take the oath of allegiance as soon as it is offered to me, and shall leave prison a new man. I am still young and hopeful of the future. I go South to bury slavery and raise up new sources of wealth and prosperity."

At the commencement of the war, our respected and well affected uncle, J. Bull, under advice of his Mentor, the *Times*, very fussy and ostentatiously buttoned up his pockets, protruded his cheeks, pulled his hat over his eyes, and magisterially and gruffly told us that we had better not come to him for money to carry on our squabble—the great war for nationality, republican institutions, and the extinction of human bondage was then irreverently called. Buttoning up the pockets was intended to be highly admonitory and reproving, and our uncle really supposed he was doing something very great in checking waywardness across the water. And he was not unnaturally a little amazed to find that nobody except the rebels called on him to untie his money bags. He consoled himself, however, with the notion that we would be obliged to go to him,

sooner or later, and he carefully rehearsed the harsh and killing phrases in which he intended to repulse our applications. But two years, and three years, and even the fourth year of "the unhappy war" passed away, and yet the obnoxious and incorrigible Yankees not only abstained from begging money abroad, but went quietly to work, levied taxes, raised loans, and viciously put to shame all the melancholy prognostications of the British press. They maliciously refused to become bankrupt, and their armies was so mean-spirited as to fight persistently and uncomplainingly even when their pay was in arrears. And when Lee surrendered, and it became clear that the rebellion was moribund, so far so that even the British press could find no ray of hope for their Southern friends in the military situation, then the possible financial embarrassments of the country came in to comfort them. They rubbed their hands with secret delight, while they rolled up their eyes with poorly affected sympathy, over the "monetary prospects of the United States."

"Now," they said, chokingly, "your real troubles begin! It is true you have annihilated an armed opposition of eight hundred thousand men, and it must be admitted that your forces have traversed in every direction a country as large as Europe, and fought terrific battles on land and sea, but you don't understand finance—you are absolutely ruined!" and, figuratively speaking, the convenient handkerchief of the hypocrite was applied to their overflowing eyes!

But the financial prognostications of our friends have come to grief in quite as exemplarily a manner as those which they ventured to promulgate about the war. Last week (ending May 6th) the subscriptions to the National loan amounted to more than \$40,000,000 in the aggregate, and for May 9th, a single day, they ran up to over \$15,000,000, only to be exceeded on the day following in the sum of over \$17,000,000! On the 12th they again ran above \$15,000,000. On the 13th to \$15,500,000.

In the language of the penny-a-liners, "Comment is unnecessary!" There must, of course, be something of evil significance in these facts which will be duly pointed out to us by our prescient uncle, who seems to be utterly unconscious that he is making a portentous ass of himself in all that he says or writes about this country.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

WRIGHT'S BOOK; or, 3,000 Practical Receipts. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

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THE NATIONAL HYMN. By CLARA M. BEINKERHOFF. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway. A dignified and spirited composition.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A gentleman named Reffelt has recently patented an ingenious invention of frames and balls, by which the problems of arithmetic are solved with magical facility. It is intended for schools. The apparatus is manufactured at 460 Hudson street.

The subscriptions to the National loan for the week ending May 6th were over \$40,000,000.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has had presented to him the original of Lee's impudent and unrepentant address to his army, on the occasion of his surrender. It is suggested that the Government place the manuscript in some historical collection, together with an autograph letter of Benedict Arnold, in which that "gentleman" who went over to the enemies of his country in a former war, endeavored to persuade some of his countrymen to become traitors like himself.

The late President Taylor's son, a Major in the rebel army, has been paroled for ten days at Louisville, in order to enable him to leave the United States—he having refused to take the oath of allegiance.

Now Jeff. Davis is caught, pains should be taken not to wound his sensitive Southern honor. He should at least be allowed to express his preference, whether to be hung for treason or complicity in murder.

Just before the last Presidential election Mr. A. Belmont, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, made a public offer to bet \$10,000 that if Mr. Lincoln should be re-elected, the war would out-last his second term. What does Mr. B. think about the matter now?

The Stayvassant pear tree in Third avenue is in full blossom for the 230th season.

An American artist, Mr. J. Heade, long established in London, has recently obtained some good commissions for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Heade is quite unrivalled in the more gorgeous kind of ornithological studies, as humming-birds, &c. He spent some years in South America.

Gen. Carlton, commanding in New Mexico, keeps an account current with the savage tribes which he is sent to keep in order. The report for 1864 shows 12,284 sheep and 2,472 horses taken from the Indians, and 4,250 sheep and 26 horses taken by the Indians.

Mrs. Moulton's concert, at Mr. Jerome's private theatre, resulted in adding \$1,200 to the funds of the Woman's Infirmary, at Washington Heights. Mrs. Moulton sailed for Europe, last week, where, by her fine abilities and graceful manners, she will shine to great advantage in the social circle.

As the Providence Journal well says: "The

rebels can't get rid of Booth. He is their man, and will stick to them for ever. He was employed to do their work, and he will be the representative of their cause to the end of time."

The editor of the *Thru Herald*, in Mississippi, has furnished to the press a report of the daily deaths at the rebel prison-pen in Andersonville, Ga., from the 1st of March, 1864, to the 10th of March, 1865, a little over one year. The total number was nearly 13,000, or more than 1,000 a month.

The new three cent pieces authorized by Act of Congress, March 3d, are making their appearance. They are legal tender in sums not exceeding 60 cents, are intended to replace the three cent shipplasters, the further issue of which is prohibited. The size of the piece is precisely that of the dime, which may not have been wholly forgotten. The obverse bears the head of Liberty, with the legend "United States of America," and the date "1865." The reverse has the Roman numerals "III," surrounded by a wreath. The edge of the coin is plain, unlike that of the ten-cent piece, which is milled.

The great National Cemetery for the reception of the soldiers slain at Gettysburg, is rapidly progressing, and it is believed will be completed this summer.

Edwin Booth, in a private letter to a friend in Washington, announces his determination to quit the stage for ever.

Maj.-Gen. Terry has been rewarded with the honor of a Brigadiership in the regular army, being the only volunteer thus distinguished.

The striped bug, so destructive in melon and cucumber beds, may be effectually got rid of by cooping a hen with a brood of small chickens near the vines. The little chicks will hunt and destroy the bugs, without injury to the plants.

The Department of Agriculture is in the receipt, from Japan, of a sample of sugar-cane, somewhat resembling sorghum, for propagation and testing in this climate. It is cut in sections of three joints, one of which is planted in a hill, thus growing in layers instead of seed. It was forwarded by Thomas Hogg, an officer of this Government at Yokohama, who deems it worthy of trial in this climate. He says it is extensively grown there, especially on the island of Kinsin, and thinks it will succeed here wherever Indian corn comes to maturity.

The rage for relics in this country is something astounding. A respectfully dressed man was noticed the other day putting in his pocket a brick from the wall in front of Mr. Lincoln's house; and this is but one of ten thousand follies. The entire stairway upon which Col. Ellsworth was killed, in Alexandria, has been cut into chips and carried away. The tree, at the foot of which Sickles shot Key, in Washington, has been barked and cut until it is dead. The oak tree, under which Gen. Grant talked with Pemberton and arranged the terms of the surrender of Vicksburg, has been annihilated, and recently a party dug into the ground ten feet for the roots of the historic oak. An elm tree which Abraham Lincoln planted stands in front of his old house in Springfield. Of course it will be torn in pieces and destroyed.

Why is the Southern Confederacy like a maiden lady? Because she is enjoying a single State—Texas.

A barber of Savannah says he has used up more than \$100,000 of rebel money for shaving paper.

The Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* says: "The doom of slavery is sealed. There cannot be a question about it. It is no matter whether we like it or don't like it. Its continued existence in this State is an absolute impossibility. The attempt to prop it up and save it, now that the avalanche is so near the base of the mountain, is to act the part of the old man who shakes his staff at the descending glacier, and expects thereby to stop it."

Obituary.—Edwin J. De Haven, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, died recently in Philadelphia, in the 46th year of his age. He has been repeatedly noticed for his gallantry and skill, and was also celebrated for his scientific attainments. He was attached to the Washington Observatory, and constructed the famous ocean charts for which the rebel Manry received so much credit. He was selected to command the expedition to the North Sea in 1859, and on his return was employed in the Survey Department on the Southern coast. In 1857, his eyesight became so much impaired that he was compelled to retire from active service.

By the last number of the *Overland Gazette* of Port Louis, Mauritius, intelligence was received of the death, by dropsy, of William V. Marks, at Tamatave, Madagascar. His name will often be mentioned in the history of an island destined soon to become of importance in our foreign relations. Born at Salem, Mass., he went out to Madagascar some 18 years ago to join an uncle who had been there some 40 years. Mr. Marks acquired a thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the various tribes, married and settled there. He was a great friend of the late King Radama II., who appointed him his Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and even after the murder of the King he retained much influence with the chiefs.

Foreign.—An English temperance paper of a diabolical temperament, estimates that there are half a million drunkards in Great Britain.

The latest news from Caparra states that Gen. Garibaldi has perfectly recovered from his wound, and walks freely without limping, though he still uses a cane. The General is surrounded by the members of his family.

The King of Italy intends sending to the International Exhibition at Dublin a topaz weighing several pounds and eight or nine inches long, having on it a beautiful engraving of "The Last Supper." The committee are expected to provide, at their own expense, a suitable show-case, plate-glass, and an iron safe, with iron railings like a cage all round.

News comes to us from London of the death, in his 84th year, of Gen. Kinty, who was one of the leaders of the Hungarian rebellion, and who, with Kossuth, found a refuge in Turkey. Kinty, after the failure of the Hungarian struggle for independence, entered the Turkish army, and, under the name of Ismail Pasha, took a prominent part in the defence of Kars. Since the Crimean war Kinty has lived in England.

Carl Kies, the celebrated sculptor, died at Berlin on the 24th April. He is well-known by his statue, the Amazon, which was exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862, and in the New York Crystal Palace. It has been extensively copied on a smaller scale.

At about the same time when our nation was mourning over the death of its ruler, the Russian people were informed of the death of one to whom they had looked as their future monarch. The eldest son of the Czar died at Nice on the 23d of April, and the promising ability shown by the young man was such as to render his death a real calamity.

The London *Times*, of April 26, says: "Emigration has commenced at this early period of the year from the mining districts of the Kingdom, and in South Wales it is beginning to be a frequent occurrence for 40 or 50 hands to leave at every pay day from the principal iron and coal works of the district. A few emigrants to Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and other British colonies, but at least 90 per cent. are bound for the Northern States." The *Cork Constitution* adds: "Emigration has, within the last few days, experienced unwonted intensity. Notwithstanding the numbers carried out by the last National and Limerick boats, there are supposed to be 1,500 at this moment waiting in Queenstown, hundreds of whom will, even after the next dispatch, have to wait still further. They come from Galway, Mayo, Limerick, Clare, Kerry and the west of this country."

The Suez canal is not yet by any means finished. The two ends of the canal, that is to say the works required for the entry from the two seas, remain yet to be built, and it is exactly these which the English engineers declared to be the most important and impracticable part of the enterprise. There never was any doubt in any one's mind that the ditch through the level sands of Egypt could be dug from one end to the other, if the

money was provided to pay the workmen, nor even that water enough could be found to supply it; this, in fact, has been accomplished, and it is only to see his central ditch, with three or four feet of water in it, that M. de Lessep has invited delegates from all parts of the world. The ends of the two seas are yet to be built, and the practicability of their serving as outlets is yet to be proven.

In Italy and Germany the satires and burlesques on the French Emperor's "Life of Caesar" sell more readily than the work itself, and are vastly more popular.

The French are in the habit, and not altogether without reason, of asserting their infantry to be unsurpassed in the armies of the world, but as marksmen, confessedly, no troops are worse. One of the Paris journals devotes a long article to the subject, in which we find it stated that, at Solferino, it required not less than 15,000,000 of cartridges to "knock over" 10,000 Austrians, thus proving that it took 1,500 bullets, which represent a weight of 200 pounds, to kill a single man.

The organ of the English Tories, the *London Standard*, says, in speaking of the defeat of the Confederates, "It cannot be denied that whatever may be the ultimate event, to them belong the moral trophies of the war." We trust that England will soon have an opportunity of welcoming a large portion of those gentlemen, and that they will take their "moral trophies" with them.

A handsome testimonial has been presented to Prince Gortschakoff by the Russian navy in memory of his diplomatic triumph over the Western Powers in 1863. The testimonial is in the shape of a Corinthian column, at the foot of which are inscribed the dates of the Prince's three famous despatches (April 14, July 1, and Aug. 26). The column rests on four rocks armed with cannon. On the pedestal is represented the Perseus, the first iron-plated vessel built by the Russian Government for the defence of Cronstadt.

The Consul-General for the negro republic of Liberia, Mr. Gerard Ralston, and the Portuguese Ambassador, Count Lavradio, have just signed a treaty of commerce between the two States which contains the following clause:—"Art. 10.—As, by the laws of the kingdom of Portugal and of the republic of Liberia, the slave trade is assimilated to piracy, the vessels or subjects of both the aforesaid countries that may be found employed in this infamous trade shall be tried and punished by the courts of their respective countries according to the aforesaid laws." It is remarkable that the two negro republics of Hayti and Liberia were the first States which set the example of introducing this provision into an international treaty of commerce, though England, America, and other States have long declared the slave trade to be piracy by their statute law, and several of the Powers have made special treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. The republic of Liberia, as our readers are probably aware, owed its existence to the efforts of the American Colonization Society, which has from time to time, since it was established some 40 years ago, sent out large numbers of emancipated negroes from the United States, and settled them on the coast of Africa, to form an independent political community. The President is now Mr. Warner since the death of the late President Benson, who was an able and enlightened man. The population is about half a million, chiefly speaking English. Their little capital city, named Monrovia, is a place of some trade, and furnished with churches, schools, colleges, newspapers, and other civilized institutions, besides being the seat of Government, with a Senate and a House of Representatives holding session there. This Republic has no standing army, but all its citizens, except clergymen and judges, are bound to serve in the militia, to which the Emperor of the French has presented 1,500 muskets; while the sole vessel of the Liberian navy, a schooner of five guns, is a gift from the Queen of Great Britain. It is gratifying to hear good accounts of this experiment of self-government for the negro race.

The John Ericsson, the first Swedish monitor, has been launched at Stockholm. She measures 205 ft. long by 46 ft. wide. The side plating is five inches thick, and around the tower, where the cannons are, it is 12 inches, as is also that which protects the rudder. The vessel will be provided with six steam-engines.

In 1861 the King of Belgium accredited a minister to the Government of President Juarez, and in 1862 a treaty of the most liberal character, and based upon the most advantageous terms, was concluded. Nothing up to that time had occurred on the part of the people or the Government of Mexico to give the slightest cause of offence to the people or to the King of Belgium; nor has anything been done since that time by the people or the Government of Mexico to change those relations.

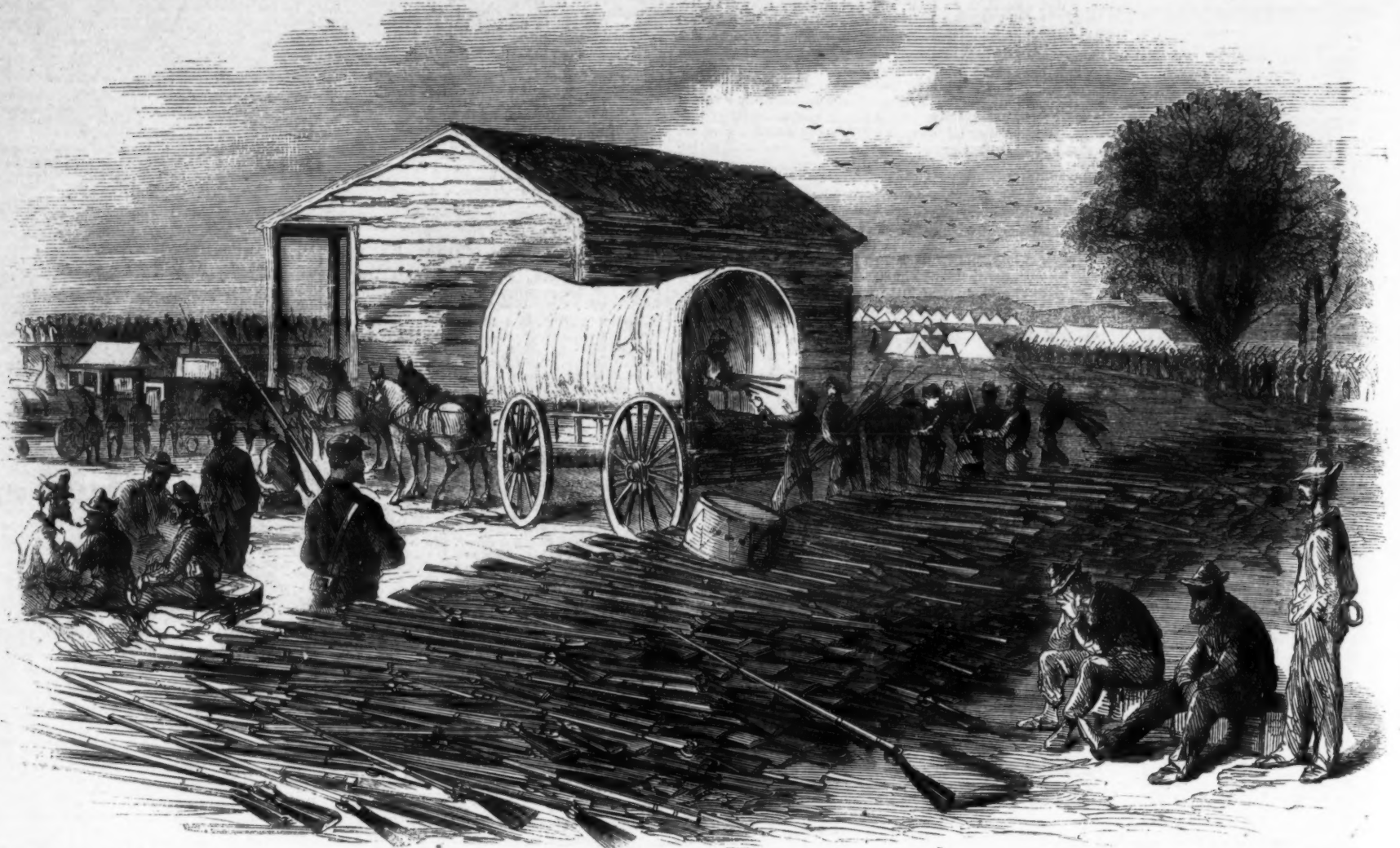
Yet to-day we witness the fact that armed forces, openly enlisted and dispatched without hindrance from Belgium, composed of officers who still hold their rank and position in the Belgian army, and of soldiers who still retain their citizenship as Belgian subjects, are now in Mexico engaged in making war upon the legitimate and rightful Government of that country—recognized and honored as such by the United States—and in shedding the blood of a people whose only offence is that they are defending the free institutions and the independence of their native land, stripped of sophistry, this is to-day the position Belgium occupies towards Mexico, and we have a right to add, towards the United States.

If Belgium has no cause of complaint against Mexico, what right has she to make war upon that country? And, in any case, what right has she to interfere in the civil war now in progress there? The position of Maximilian, as the son-in-law of the King of Belgium, confers no right, at least, in this age of the world. Wars are not now made for the benefit of individuals; it is the interest of the people that is to be consulted. Nor is there any excuse for this intervention to be found in the interests of Belgium. On the contrary, Belgium has been supposed to be a Power whose interests are dictated by a policy of uniform neutrality. We do not imagine that King Leopold can contemplate an exception to this rule in a case where the United States may possibly be drawn in to be a party, or that he can desire that Belgium should assume the position of chief defender of Maximilian in Mexico, particularly after the United States has successfully emerged from a vital struggle in which no principle has been found to be a more necessary part of its foreign policy than that no European intervention can be permitted in the civil wars on this continent.

It is, therefore, a source of the greatest surprise that so prudent a people as the Belgians, should have allowed themselves, simply on account of private relationships personal to the King alone, to have been drawn into a position which may prove not only very embarrassing, but even dangerous. Some official correspondence on this subject has passed between the Mexican Minister and his Government, in which the feelings of the Mexican Government with regard to this matter are shown, and which also shows that the subject has excited grave debate in the Belgian legislative chambers, and is the source of serious apprehensions in the minds of intelligent writers in that country. Should President Juarez, a little later, choose to retaliate, he will have in his power, perhaps, to inflict as serious a damage upon Belgian commerce as has been inflicted upon that of the United States by the pretensions which have been staked out in England, only in the President Juarez will have the advantage that his pretensions will be those of a lawful, legitimate and recognized Government.

In fact the only safe course for foreign nations is to withdraw their forces entirely from Mexico. The principle upon which they are there is unsound; and if Maximilian cannot safely rely upon his own alleged subjects, the Mexicans, for support, then it is the best evidence in the world that the people of Mexico desire neither to adopt an imperial form of Government, nor to have an Austrian to rule over them.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion, in a glass that she usually looked into.



SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.—COLLECTING THE CAPTURED REBEL MUSKETS AT BURKESVILLE STATION, VA., PREVIOUS TO SENDING THEM NORTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

SCENES IN RICHMOND, VA.

Now that the war is over it is the wish of all true Americans to let bygones be bygones, and when a few of the leading traitors are punished, to forgive, even if our desolated households will not allow us to forget. Still human nature is human nature, and the most magnanimous and Christian of our readers will, no doubt, feel a half-suppressed glow of satisfaction at the illustrations we publish to-day, representing the interior of the infamous Libbey Prison, now filled with rebels, prisoners, among whom there are over 100 of the most desperate criminals in the South—being convicts who were released from jail on condition of serving in the rebel ranks.

Another sketch represents a scene in front of the prison, when the Secesh ladies are visiting their friends. Our Artist says they generally bring some refreshments in small baskets with them, and not being allowed to enter the prison, the baskets are handed up by the guard outside, with such remarks as these:

"William, I have brought you some dinner."

"Say, Mary, can't you get me out of this cursed hole?"

"No, Ben, is that you? When did you get in?"

"Sam, tell mother that I am here?"

Now and then some impertinent rebel salutes one of the colored soldiers in such complimentary terms as these:

"Say, you black ape, go and wash your face!"

The third sketch is one belonging to the old regime of Davisdom—since it represents the only hydrant in that black hole of Richmond our gallant fellows had for washing, &c. As the suffering is over, and we have triumphed, we will say nothing about a barbarity, which must have been known to Gen. Lee.

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The secrecy in which the proceedings have been conducted has rendered it a matter of difficulty to obtain sketches and information respecting the great trial. We are happy to state, however, that, through the attention of officials and the pluck of our agents in "getting evidence," we are able to hold our own in this, as in every other public event that has heretofore claimed the attention of the chronicler.

The criminals are confined in chains, in separate cells, in the Penitentiary Building, at the Arsenal, Washington. A large room in the second story has been fitted up for the court-room. It is large enough to hold 300 persons, and is in the north-east corner of the building, and has four windows covered with grated iron bars. The room has a high ceiling, and except the tables, chairs and matting upon the floor, and half a dozen benches, is perfectly plain. The walls are white, the whole building having been newly renovated. No maps, pictures or anything is to be seen, save the hastily constructed pine furniture needed by the court.

Judge-Advocate Holt presides at the court, which is ranged around a long table, upon the north side of the room. Parallel to it are the tables for the official reporters, who are sworn, and will reduce the testimony each day to writing.

Maj.-Gen. Hartsuff has command of the jail and its surroundings, and his dispositions are such that it would be impossible for any attempt to get possession of the prisoners by a mob to succeed.

His forces are encamped just outside the outer walls, while thick cordons of sentries surround the red brick building which confines the wretched criminals, who, in chains, with mufflers over their heads, are already undergoing a living death. They are not allowed any communication with the outside world, and the guards who feed them are not allowed to converse with them on any pretence.

The padded masks, covering their entire head except the mouth, are put on to prevent them from committing

icida. A sentinel over each one attends to them day and night. All are very much dejected, and fear that at any moment they may be executed by the people.

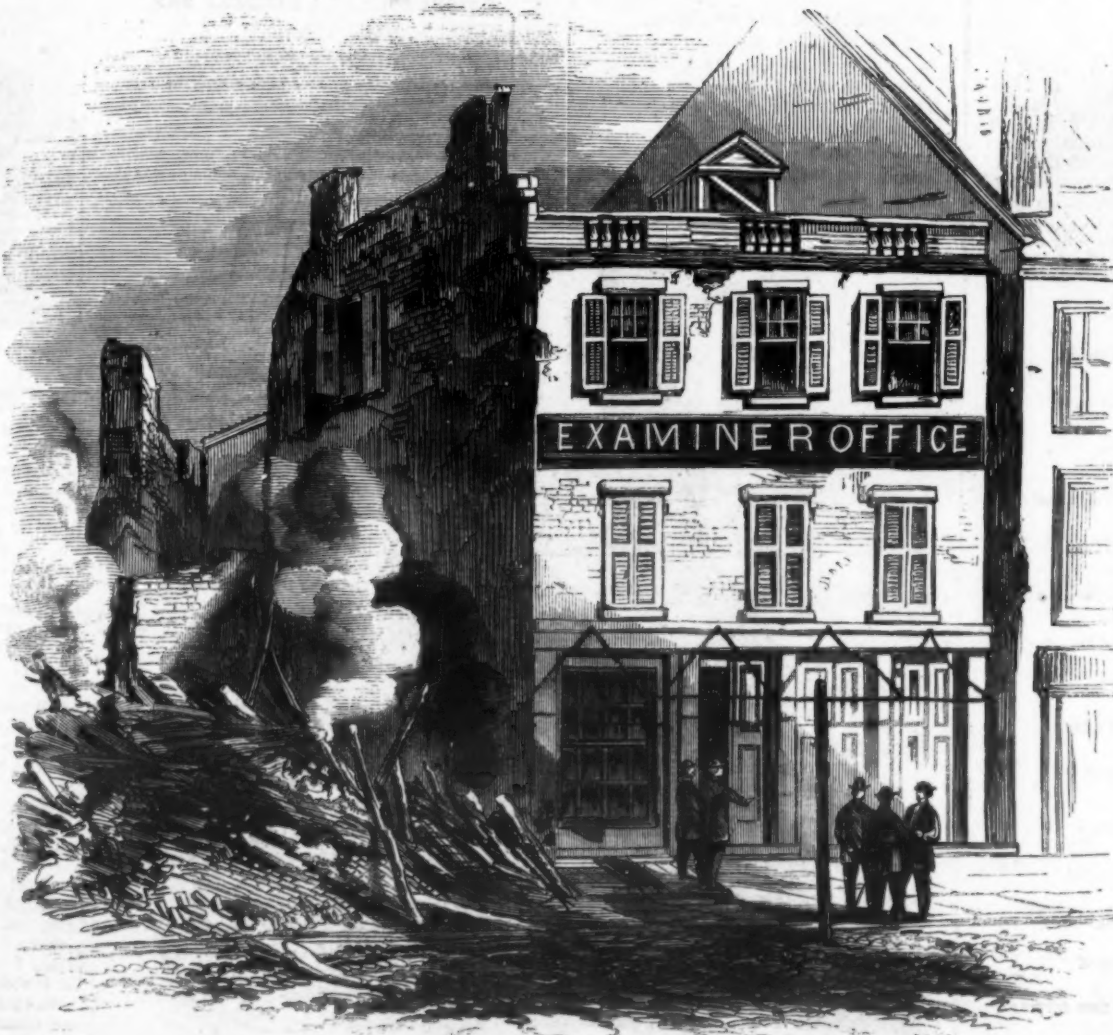
THE REBEL ARMY OF GEN. LEE STACKING ARMS.

To our readers who have followed, week by week, for four years, the varying fortune of the great struggle from which we have just emerged, but whose final result no rational being could for a moment doubt, the sketch we give on this page will be truly welcome. For the surrender of Gen. Lee was to the rebels what the flight of Napoleon from Waterloo was—the solemn surrender of the accused cause, which, while it has made us the observed of all observers, has done so at such a fearful cost of our best blood, saying nothing of the suffering caused by the waste of money, that it will

ever be considered as "the baptism of blood" of our great Republic. It was a peculiarly fitting punishment for that over-rated soldier and cold-blooded rebel, Gen. Lee, who, by "his merit had been raised to the bad eminence" of Commander-in-Chief, that he should have to undergo the painful ordeal of surrendering the right arm of the rebellion, and our Artist has recorded that event in the sketch we publish of his troops stacking their arms. The place where it occurred is about four miles west of Mallard's Church, which is in the southern part of Buckingham county, on the Lynchburg and Farmville road, on the north side of the Appomattox, five miles north-west of Farmville. Our Artist says that "If the stacking of arms was humiliating to Gen. Lee it was evidently very gratifying to the men."

CHARQUI.—In many regions of the pampas and llanos of this vast continent, cattle have long been slaughtered for their fat and hides alone. Good beef has been given over to the condors; and when these winged gluttons have filled themselves, the bones remaining, when dried by the sun exposure, become the only fuel which the gauchos, or wild herdsmen, use for cooking their steaks. The North American grass-lands—the prairies—and tracts corresponding to the pampas or llanos of South America, were well tenanted by indigenous horned animals—bisons, improperly called buffaloes—when the Spaniards first set foot on the new continent. The magnificent grass-lands of South America were devoid of these animals, and indeed were sparsely tenanted by large animals of any sort. Wild horses and wild oxen have increased prodigiously all over these plains. Any number of either may be had for the trouble of catching; and referring solely to the horned cattle, this circumstance explains the phenomenon of beef at six cents per pound in the Cuban market. Charqui (whence comes our word jerked), when prepared as usual in South America, is not very agreeable to look upon. It appears under two forms; the results of two different modes of preparation. In either case the beginning is similar. The flesh is cut away from the bones in long ribbon-like strips, then salted; but each sort is salted to a different degree. Charqui dulce, or sweet charqui, is slightly sprinkled with salt, then sun-dried, and rolled into the form of a hard cylinder. The other sort is more fully salted—corned, as we should term it—then withdrawn from pickle; the excess of moisture squeezed out; finally, the meat rolled similarly to the charqui dulce. Both sorts have been brought here on trial; and hitherto popular appreciation has rather inclined to the fully salted variety; though, weight for weight, it is not so nutritious as the charqui dulce, and hence not so profitable.

HARRIET HOSMER's bronze statue of Col. Benton has arrived in St. Louis, and will be publicly inaugurated at an early day. The Legislature of Missouri appropriated \$2,500 for this statue in 1860, and the remaining sum needed for the work was subscribed by individuals.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE OFFICE OF THE RICHMOND EXAMINER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

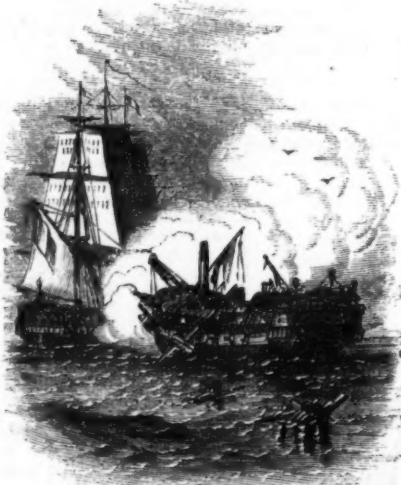


LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.—THE FRIENDS OF LEE'S SOLDIERS COMING TO THE WINDOWS WITH PROVISIONS AND COMFORTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE CAPTAIN:**A Legend of the Navy.**

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error,
Let him hear my song:



Brave the Captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seemed the Captain's mood,
Secret wrath, like smothered fuel,
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they passed by capes and islands,
Many a harbor mouth,
Sailing under palmy high lands,
Far within the South.

On a day when they were going
O'er the vast expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heightened,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lightened
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said; the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went the Norward,
Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated,
Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splintered, decks were shattered,
Bullets fell like rain,
Over mast and deck were scattered
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splintered—decks were broken—
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.

On the decks, as they were lying,
Were their faces grim;
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those in whom he had reliance
For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.

Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turned and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded,
Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by—
Side by side, beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie:
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of the wing.

The Night-Express Train.**A STORY TOLD BY A RAILROAD MAN.**

IN TWO ACCIDENTS.

ACCIDENT THE SECOND—HE SEES HER THE LAST TIME.

It was many, weary months before I again got about. My arm was broken in two places, and my breast was bent internally, in a manner that

the doctor's say, will yet cause my death. She was not injured in the least, only stunned and frightened. I remember the first question that I asked, when I came to my senses, was, not of my own condition, but concerning her. I had fallen underneath, in the soft, yielding sand, and would, doubtless, have escaped with only a bruise or so, only her weight broke my arm and crushed my side. She had been carried away to a neighboring farm-house, and I was sent back on the



"DEAR, DEAR, SO COLD—SO COLD!"

engine of a night train, to the city of which I have spoken.

I lingered along for some time, got better and worse, and worse and better, for the matter of a year or more, and at length, feeling sufficiently strong to go about my work, applied for a position. It was only after much persuasion and many promises that an engine was at length given me. But it wasn't Sprightly. She, battered and bruised, had been degraded into a common station drudge, and this new one I had, I could not agree with. Myself or it was continually out of order. Scarcely a trip did we make, but what something broke, or my patience was outraged at the ill manner it worked. After a month or two, I gave up in despair, and went on as baggage master on the night train, as it was called, that is, "The Night Express," a through train, and a very rapid one.

For more than six years, my life was like the flowing of deep water, so quiet and monotonous, and withal accompanied with so little effort. I was on the middle division—there was scarcely any local travel, the baggage was all booked and stowed at either end of the line—I handled but little, and those small pieces, and my severest task was that of keeping awake. For, every other night, I took the train about nine o'clock, and left it about four in the morning.

We had very long baggage cars on this train, and usually, the trunks, and valises, and carpet bags through, were stowed in the forward part of the car, and in the back part were put the mail



THE BAGGAGE MASTER'S DISCOVERY.

bags. We carried the through mail from the city to the larger places on the road, going west, and picked up the bags at the same stations for the city, going east.

These cars, though apparently slender, being so long and narrow for their length, were built very compactly and strong, for the traffic of the train was very extensive, as it was a favorite one with through passengers.

On each end of the car there was a small office, that had a wide shelf and some pigeon holes in it. I never knew for what these were intended—for though they were labeled—"Conductor's office," I never knew a conductor yet to use one.

For more than six years then, I led a very easy life, gradually increasing my store for the wintry day of old age, and believing that I had finally struck my mission in life. I needed no consolation because it was humble, though I could have found some, in the fact that the world makes use of more little men, than it does of great ones.

I don't care about being very particular as to dates, or time, for neither are very necessary, but it was somewhat over eight years after the accident, that I took my train, at the usual place and time, going east. It had been snowing lively all day, but the snow was light and flaky, and did not impede the motion of the train, so we were on time. The train would have pleased the stockholders of the road, for it was a long one and well filled with passengers, while my territory, the baggage car, made my weak arm ache, only to look at and think what I had had the handling of so many large trunks, for it seemed as if some strong party had been delayed at the springs until mid-winter, and were just making their way home.

I took the baggage train from my mate, stowed away what few pieces were put on, pulled to the door of the car, spread my blanket over my chest, and with my feet towards the red little demon of a stove, lay down when the train moved on.

It was only some twenty-eight minutes to the next station, and I think I must have been dozing, for I was abruptly startled by a terrible alarm or crash, as if there had been some sharp concussion, or something brittle had broken suddenly. I arose hastily and rubbed my eyes. I can tell you, there is nothing that will startle one quicker than to hear a mysterious noise on a train of cars, when he has once been caught in an accident, where he has barely escaped with his life. I looked eagerly about me. The trunks were all right, piled as surely and systematically as when I took the car—the outer door was closed—we were moving along smoothly and rapidly, and I heard nothing of that premonitory jerk that betokens an abatement of speed, preparatory to a full stop. After a moment, I lay down again. Crack! came the sleep-dispelling noise again, and now being awake, I knew what it was. The door of the conductor's office in the forward part of the car, had sprung the latch, had flown open, and the movement of the train had brought it sharply together again, but not strong enough to latch it. There are three things towards which I feel a potent aversion. The slam of a door, the creak of a door and a heavy footfall behind me. I went forward, stumbling over the loose baggage in my way, and latched the refractory door—that is, I meant to latch it and thought I latched it, but I couldn't swear that I did, or wouldn't, for neither is a door nor a latch a sentient thing—yet latch or no latch, door or no door, I think I got up forty times during the next hour and a half to fasten that door. And I was engaged in a frantic endeavor to secure a string through the key-hole, to the handle of a trunk, when we drove into the station, where, more than eight years before, I had first seen my beautiful lady, whom together with myself, had stumbled even up to the very portals of death.

I had never passed this station without thinking of her, her marvellous beauty, and her rash suicidal effort, which had so nearly cost me my life. And from so often thinking of her, and having, besides, my weak arm as a never ceasing reminder, I had been longing to see her, and to know what her life had been during the eight years and more passed away.

I hoped everything for the good, when I remembered her beauty.

I feared everything for her unhappiness when I remembered her passion and her misery.

Often led, by her memory, to reflect upon the condition of a woman who marries where her heart is not, who gives up that of which a man can have no correct conception, who yields to one that she hates, whatever to one that she loves is given only because she loves him, my sympathy grew large towards her, and I came finally to wish that I could fold her in my arms again, and as I had once shielded her from death, so for ever afterwards, I could shield her from what she thought was worse than death.

This was always a busy station—three or four connections were made here, from the north and south, from the north-east and north-west; but to-night, either because the lanterns blinked more lively or the rapidly falling flakes of snow deceived the eyes, or I was wider awake than usual, there seemed to be much more moving to and fro, and shouting and hurrying of feet. I looked up and down the front platform, spoke to several acquaintances who passed me, did my duty by the few pieces of baggage that had been put in, pulled the door shut, and stretched myself out on my box.

There seemed to be some uncertainty about starting, as if the steam had given out, or a brake had been left on, for we went ahead a little, then backed up for a fresh start and went ahead again, while the engine gave two or three times those sharp, successive barks as if it was impatient to be going. But I heard the station master in an authoritative tone of voice, cry out, "Hold on," when we stopped, backed up once more and stood still. Then, after a moment, came a thumping at my car door. I am always impatient with travellers who come just exactly

on time, or a moment too late, so I made no haste to get to my feet, until it suddenly struck me that perhaps some of the dignitaries of the road might be in the case, else why was the station master so imperative. But the door had been rudely shoved open before I had time to think thus far. I heard something about "telegraph," "most singular," and "most horrible," amongst a group of men who stood collected about my door. A crowd was rapidly collecting around them, and my wonder was momentarily increased, for each one as he came up mysteriously nudged his neighbor with his elbow, and looked from one another into the car. Foremost amongst them all, was the conductor, who, as he stepped quickly into the car, nodded to me, but said nothing, a policeman with bright eyes and rapid motions, and an old gentleman, whose hair was as white as the snow that fell upon it. His hands were crossed over his breast in a resigned way, but an expression of agony found its way to his face, and knit his brow as if with a physical pain. As the light from the conductor's lantern flashed full in my face, our eyes met, and he started so suddenly that his folded arms fell by his side.

"Not in here! Not in here!" he said, quickly. "Why here? Make haste if you must. Do?"

As he spoke, I could see the same face, that I had seen once before, looking at me helplessly, and it showed the same agony and the same horror.

"We will make it thorough and complete, sir. Complete," said the policeman, as all three stepped into the car. My information, he added, as if explaining his conduct to the old man, "is too sure to be gainsayed, and I shall leave nothing. It will be complete."

The quick eye of the trained officer ran over every trunk with a professional speed, and into every cranny and nook of the car with a searching glance. His quick sight, aided by the lantern of the conductor. They went out at the forward door and back, and I heard them calling to the engineer. On their way back, they caught sight of my unfortunate string and the aggravating door.

It was securely fastened! and not until some effort did the nasty lock yield to the key and disclose an empty room. While fumbling at the door, I asked the conductor what all of this meant. The sharp eye of the officer was turned quickly towards me, and they both answered at once, the first:

"A desperate runaway!" and the second,

"No harm to you, sir."

I shut the door, with a sense of relief to know that it would shut and latch, when they turned away from me, passed out of the car by the rear door, and, as I suppose, through the train. I saw a man running along on the outside of the train, on the ground, with a lantern, looking into every truck and wheel.

As if what they sought could be found there!

Once more I closed the outer door, fastened them this time, and stretched myself out upon my box, and I began to bewilder myself with trying to explain the recent occurrence. That it had some reference to my beautiful lady I was forced to believe, for the old man's look bespoke that too painfully; but that she was blameless, whatever the cause, my own wishes for her good made me too certain of.

I imagined her in the luxurious home to which the old man had taken her, the most beautiful, and at the same time, most miserable object. I thought him harsh and her patient. She, living along really nothing but a slave to his whims and caprices, looking forward with pleasure and hope to only one moment of her being, the time of her death, until her mind and heart, contracted by the one single thought, and that thought a misery, she had fled from him as she would flee from torture. I could put no worse construction than this upon what I had seen. How fearfully I misjudged her frantic despair.

We were under way again, and swinging along at a happy pace, but the click of the wheels as they passed over the rails would not, as they had often done, by their monotonous music, sing me to sleep. As often as I would close my eyes so often would I find them standing wide open, ere I was aware, staring into the cold blackness of the car that the rays of my lamp could not penetrate. And once there appeared in the shadow before me, so plainly that I brushed my hand before my eyes, as if driving away cobwebs, the figure of a beautiful woman, with long, bright hair, rippling down to her feet, with her hands crossed, and her eyes penitentially cast upon the floor, the figure of a Magdalene weeping, while still further in the darkness, from one of the side windows, looked the sneering face of a white-headed old gentleman, staring complacently at the wreck he had wrought. A vision disturbed by a loud crash—that terrible door again—which brought me to my feet in a fit of anger. But that gave way to a momentary feeling of dread, of impending evil, such as will irresistibly creep over one when a dark cloud gradually gathers over the blue sky and puts out the sun.

I know that all my visions and fancies had their origin in the fact that my usual sleeping-time, to which I had so long been accustomed, had arrived, and that a drowsiness stole over me when I thought myself wide awake, and I was just superstitious enough to indulge them, for once more that horrid door started, and away flew all of my drowsiness, taking with it my visions and dreams of the beautiful lady. Pettish, like a child disturbed in its afternoon nap, I determined to let the door wag as it would, and for miles it kept up a rattle and succession of slaps and bangs that were not unlike the musketry-firing of a platoon, regular and often-times repeated. We passed two stations, and I was becoming somewhat used to the noise, as it is said that drowsy soldiers fall asleep even in the midst of the firing of cannon and shrieking of shells.

We had left the last station before the long stretch that I have before mentioned. All through

this long pull I had never missed having a good sound sleep, as in crossing a bridge, just before stopping again, I had invariably waked.

A tremendous bump of the door, just as I was dropping into insensibility, outraged me, and I got up, determined to fasten it, open or shut, one or the other.

Working away with cold fingers, in the unsteady motion of the cars, I distinctly heard three light taps on the window of the office that looked out towards the engine, followed by a low and mournful wail, such as a dying child might give or a mother might utter over it. Considering the somewhat unaccountable performance of the office door, I was a little upset for a moment, but I managed to get back to my lantern, which I held up to the window.

Upset before, I was startled now. A face so ghastly white that the night looked black and the snow dark, with great mournful eyes full of tears, was pressed up against the window, looking beseechingly at me—the face of a livid, way-worn, helpless woman, and withal as beautiful as the wretchedness and sorrow, seemed complete! It stood so patient and quiet, not flitting away as my visions before had, that I considered not a moment what to do when at length I knew I had to do with a human being. I unlocked the outer door and the breath of the train drove in upon me, amidst the soot and smoke, a bundle of clothes, surrounded by the pale, sad face and the bowed head. It rubbed two white hands slowly one over the other, and swiftly passed by me to the stove. I shut and locked the door and followed.

It was sitting on the floor, swaying back and forth with the motion of the train, moaning, sometimes, "Oh! oh!" in a well-pleased tone, and then, "Dear, dear, so cold—so cold!" in a bitter, bitter way, and wringing its hands. It was a wild, wild-looking thing, an unpleasant ghost-like presence, more like a dream than a reality, but possessing a fascination that it was hard to shake off. There was so much refinement, elegance, delicacy in the face, so much poverty, wretchedness, grossness in the garments.

I sat down on my box, a little ways removed from her, and she seemed scarcely to notice my presence. For some time, with her hands over her knees, she sat looking at the red stove before her, while her clothes steamed and smoked as the moisture oozed out of them. Then she took the damp hood from her head, and there rolled out from its confinement, down her back, the luxurious hair in rich folds. The white fingers caressed the heavy masses, twisted therefrom the melted snow and the soot, and in one heavy roll gathered it up and pinned it loosely in a knot at the back of her head. As she turned about to receive it she became conscious, seemingly for the first time, that some one was near her. She partly rose to her feet and clasped her hands, but looking with an intelligent eye very steadily into my face for a moment, a pleased smile of recognition lit up her countenance, and she crept close up to me, nestling I can only call it, as if she instantly claimed for a protector one who had already stood between her and death. She lay her head upon my knee, shuddering and sobbing, but I knew that it was neither with fear nor sorrow.

For a moment I shut my eyes to enjoy my own satisfaction. How happy, I thought, would I have been, could I have had a wife come close to me thus, clinging to me in a quiet home, even as this one seemed to cling. I had felt a heart yearning for such an one. There had been a void in my life that had never been filled, and which she might not fill, but she could be the semblance of a daughter to me, and, resuming her maiden name, while she passed for a relative, would not be untruthful. My wages, so carefully hoarded, had indeed been saved not uselessly, and would keep her in more than comfort, if not in absolute luxury. So that, while I reproached myself for my former display of unsympathising coldness, I opened wide my heart for her to creep in. There was not a particle of surprise mingled with my other feelings at the really strange situation in which I was. It seemed natural that I should softly put my hand upon the shining brown mass beneath me and gently caress it. The tired, worn thing pressed closer to me at what might have been an unwarranted expression of kindness, and threw her arms about my knees.

"You will not give me up, then?" she exclaimed, looking at me with her eyes swimming in tears.

"To whom?" I asked.

"My torment!" she cried. "To him that has made my life only a long night of wretchedness."

Full of truthfulness, as well as sympathy for the unfortunate, with perhaps something of a desire to get at the cause of her present situation, I asked:

"Has that him of whom you speak been altogether to blame?"

She shrank back from me like one disappointed, clasped her hands together and bowed her head.

Meaning to come up gradually to kindness, and prompted by an uncertain feeling that I cannot explain, although I felt it to be no time for dignity or lecturing, I went on:

"We make ourselves our own torments, and fashion our lives in misery or happiness."

"We do not," she cried impatiently. "We are the creatures of chance and circumstance, of other's caprices—others who are stronger than we, who would mould our lives according to their will and to their ideas of happiness, which are never ours. With myself, alone, untrammelled, I would have been as other women are, good, happy and loved—not as I am now, trodden upon and miserable. But they are not my sins, they are his, and he must answer for them. Is the knife or the bullet that slays guilty, or the heart and hand that guides them? I have been the knife!" she exclaimed, drawing herself up and looking from eyes that shone with almost maniac gleam. "I have been the knife, and I have cut deep; but his has been the hand that guided me."

She sank down again weeping, as if overcome by the weight of some fearful remembrance. I took her hand in mine to soothe her, and spoke

some words of kindness, when pleading once more, she went on:

"But you will not give me up to my pursuers, will you? Promise me that. Take me away—far away. Wrap your arms about me as you did, not long ago, and protect me. Save me, I beseech you, by the name which we each bear, by the memory of your mother, who, like me, was a woman, save me from worse than what you have already saved me. Hide me away. Don't even in whispers say that I am here. Take me to the great city, where one can melt away into the crowd as a rain-drop falls into the ocean unrecognisable. Don't give me up. I have been wicked—wrong—wretched—but I am young yet—let me have time to grow better, and deserve at least a corner of heaven!"

Oh! the anxious, pleading voice, the talking eyes, that said volumes more than the lips. If her life had been in my hands, she could not have been more earnest and touching. And with my sympathy already all hers, it needed no such further incentive to complete my resolve. Give her up! As she knelt there beside me, my knees clasped in her hands, and her heavenly eyes looking into mine! Would I have thrown my own child to the wolves?

What could she have done to have merited even the tenderest disapprobation of the good? But neglected, ruined, perhaps base and even criminal, my whole soul had gone out to her, and while I could protect her, as I knew I could, she should suffer no harm. It resolved itself with a ready thought the plan I would pursue. I took her hand in mine again, and drew her towards me.

"Mistress," I said, "you have done me no harm, and I could do you none, for I would not, nor shall any one else. You are safe with me; be contented. Don't tell me what you have done; let the past be what it is, drop a veil over it, and never, even in your memory, lift it again. I will trust you, and do you trust me."

For a moment, with steady, unmoved eyes, she gazed into mine, which flinched not, and then, once more she nestled close down at my side like a hunted bird that at length has found a secure retreat.

Poor sad heart, the sinned against, I thought, are oftentimes more wretched than the sinning, and further cast out from the pale of the good.

She watched me as I fixed a bed for her, and nodded her most intense approval when I had completed it. I placed three or four of the softest mail bags in the passage-way of the car, near the forward door, with a small carpet-bag for a pillow. I covered her with my blanket, and piled trunks all about her feet. She was hidden completely from the view of a comer-in, as if the whole forward part of the car was a mass of trunks. Not even a practised eye would have imagined that there was a comfortable space 1 ft towards the forward door, and that a gentle creature was sleeping, what from its almost utter silence must be an innocent sleep.

Then I went slowly back to my box and revolved the matter in my mind.

In the darkness of the early morning it would be an easy matter to get her unseen from my car to the warm cottage on the bank of the river, where my little colored boy always awaited me with a hot cup of coffee and a warm bedroom. The cottage would grow brighter and brighter, and the garden would bloom with a new radiance for me, as day by day the beautiful lady, casting off her wretchedness as a garment, grew better and better. And together we would tread, humble and quiet, the retired paths of peace and goodness that lead surely towards that rest and that heaven for which she seemed so much to long. Perhaps my selfishness was too largely in the ascendant, and I reflected on my own comfort more than upon her regeneration. There was for me in times of sickness, the soft hand and tender care, in time of health the bright smile and cheerful welcome, that spoke of gratitude and happiness, for my old age a willing companion, a patient adviser, and for all times a sweet presence that would be as grateful as the perfume of roses. I did not contemplate the unhumanising influences that alone could bring her from her elevated position down to my hard level. If I had reflected for a moment how difficult it is for human nature to be patient and repentant amidst circumstances which, in comparison, may be degrading, and which are forced upon it by its own acts, how weak and thin would have at once seemed all of my imaginings.

I went and looked over my barricade of trunks at her. A stray beam of light from my lantern lit up her pale face, on which even in her sleep there seemed to be resting an expression that moved one to pity. Her hair had fallen loose again, and in tangled masses fell over the hand that was above her head, and trailed on the floor beyond. Her clear-cut, beautiful profile, was like the face of an angel seen in the midst of dark clouds.

I was extremely busy in properly arranging the numerous trunks and bags about me just then, for I heard the rear door open and shut, and looking over my shoulder, saw O'Neil, the conductor, come into my car, put his lantern on the floor and seat himself on my box. It was an unusual thing for him or any one else to come into my car, especially at that hour of the night. He rubbed his hands one over the other for awhile, looking at the same time with a busy, engaged air at my stove.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" he cried, at length, looking up towards me, "but it's a cold night, Jake."

I knew that he was not thinking of the cold, although the bitter air seemed to make of the steam that rushed through the crevices of the door, a lacework of frost without any intermediate stage of water. And when I assented to his proposition he heard me not, for he had rapidly gone into a brown study again.

When a sufficiently long time had elapsed to give color to my being engaged only in properly fixing the baggage, I came and sat down by his side, but his very first exclamation alarmed me.

"Her name is the same as yours," was what he said, turning to me from his meditations, and bringing his hand roughly down on my knee. I can tell you that I looked suddenly around at the trunk that hid my unwelcome but not unwelcome guest. O'Neil noticed my quick movement, and afterwards remembered it, but at the time it passed off for an appearance of anxiety lest the baggage should be tumbling down, or at least a resentment for being so sharply struck on the knee.

"It's a mighty queer," he continued. "And I'll be darned if I know which is the most to blame."

A very mild way had O'Neil of using expletives. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"You don't know what the white-haired old chap and the officer came on the train for, and are now on the train for?" he asked, answering.

"I am as innocent as a baby," I said, nervously.

"They are looking for a woman. Well, a great many men are looking for women—that's so—but precious few are looking for them the way they look—or such a woman either, I guess. She's one of the devil's sisters, I think. And why? Because she has been around seeking whom she might destroy."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Well, in a good many. But what was strange to me, and that is what I was meditating upon, was whether she was a relative of yours. Her maiden name was Cockroft, so is yours, old fellow. But she's another breed of dogs entirely, for you are as mild and gentle as watered whiskey. But you need not take on in that manner, for I did not intend to insult you by connecting you with such a thing!"

I had arisen from my seat, and was walking up and down the car to conceal my agitation.

"Thing!" I repeated after him. "What are you talking about, O'Neil?"

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I guess the old man wants his sleep. He's as cross as a dog fed on fresh meat. Look here. That bright-eyed chap in back there, is a mighty fine talker, and claims that duty or no duty, he always goes provided with some prime cigars and a shooting instrument, that invariably hits a man straight in the mouth. Let's have him in here, get him uncorked, and listen to some of his experience."

"I want to sleep," I objected.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "keep awake once, it won't hurt you, and perhaps he'll let on about your unfortunate namesake."

That was what I most especially desired to hear, but not in that place.

"I don't want him or any one else in my car, but I believe I will go back and listen to him," I said, after a moment.

Though the cigars and the shooting instrument were what would be particularly delightful to O'Neil, yet, as I was monarch of that territory, he knew that it would be useless to attempt to bring any one there without my consent. I followed him out, and very carefully locked the door behind me. For some trifling excuse, however, I returned and looked once more at my unconscious charge sleeping peacefully behind the barricade. With his pale face upturned, as if watching the recording of the vow I made, I determined that whatever it was that I should hear, unless of a fearfully criminal character, and that, I thought, I never should hear, something that was stamped with something besides mere social disgrace, I would protect and hide her from all pursuers.

There was one from whom I could not hide her. When I found O'Neil again, he was standing in one of the coaches beside an empty seat.

Behind it sat the old gentleman, bolt upright and motionless, but his eyes wandered anxiously and restlessly about the car.

He was much disturbed, when he caught sight of me, which was probably increased by my own ill-concealed agitation, for although he did not stir, his face flushed, and his lips quivered.

O'Neil and myself sat down on the empty seat before him, opposite the officer, who slightly nodded to both of us.

The conductor said, in a very low tone: "This is Cockroft."

But, low as it was, the old gentleman behind us, caught the sound of the name, and for a moment leaned over towards us.

"Ah, ha!" said the officer, looking at me for a moment, very intently, biting his words off short and speaking very sharp and quick. "Ah, ha! But not at all like her. Eh, O'Neil?"

O'Neil shook his head approvingly. "Did you ever see her?"

I nodded.

"Where?"

In reply to which, I told him what had happened when I had first seen her.

"That's her," he exclaimed, eagerly, "all over. She is a gay, giddy girl! Always has been. Such are the kind that make all the misery there is in this little world. Because they cannot have things according to their own imperial likings or dislikings. I have watched these things repeatedly. They always run in the same line, you may depend. In grooves like—"

"What did she do subsequently?" I interrupted, impatiently. For if a man is tiresome and tedious, it is on a system of common philosophy, that he thinks he has discovered in the course of his own profession, and I was fairly aching to know her subsequent history. The impetuous Blue Coat having long possessed that power over his fellow-man with which the law clothed him, was somewhat egotistical, as such men are apt to become. He stopped very suddenly, rolled his eyes around at me at the interruption, and became silent.

"Because I may in one event—I may, I say," which I emphasized, "be able to help you somewhat."

"One event!" he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards me, "One event! What can that be? Soap? Do you know what an accessory is, sir?

and that he can exist after as well as before a crime, sir?"

He said this harshly and sharply, in the same manner that I have heard judges on the bench address themselves to witnesses. But it did not intimidate me, nor disturb my calmness, under which, however, still burned that eagerness to know the subsequent history of the beautiful lady.

Crime? I thought. What would he give, did he know, that bounding along only a few feet ahead of him, was she whom he had just intimated was guilty of a crime? I don't know, however, that I felt any self-importance in being more knowing than this sharp officer of the law, whose success in his peculiar business had made him somewhat famous about the country.

"Ho, ho!" I laughed, with an effort, endeavoring to drive away his seeming displeasure. "I never yet, that I know of, did anything in my life that I knew to be wrong. I don't think I could do so now."

He looked at me as if he was puzzled, as if he was trying to read an enigma that I had given him. But O'Neil nodded approvingly, exclaimed: "That's so, old Veracity."

And I continued:

"I said that I might help you somewhat, as one honest man might easily say to another. But likely my curiosity to know what became of one, who, with me had so narrowly escaped death, and whom I—I hesitated, for I came near saying whom I had never seen since, but changed into—'whom I would earnestly like to see again, in all her young, magnificent beauty, as she was then, gave a stronger turn to my remark than it deserved, or than I meant.'"

"Look here," he said, after he had stared me full in the face for a whole minute, "look at that old man there, with his head bared and bowed as for a blow. He is bent down with sorrow. He has lost everything that is dear to him. And his life, which used to be as pleasant as a summer dream, and as precious as a good man's hope of heaven, has become useless to him now. He would give it up gladly. She, your namesake, is the immediate cause of all of this. He has told me repeatedly that he felt her presence on this train. He believes that he will meet her before it is morning. We have been through the train at every station. At the next, to satisfy him, and myself too, I shall go from engine to the bumper of the last coach—and send him back home on the up train. But I will never cease until I find her."

"She must be guilty of something more than infidelity to her husband," I half asked, half suggested, "that should cause so much of a charge."

"Husband!" he exclaimed. "Well, here. Give me your hand. You're a fair spoken fellow—and an honest. I thought you one of those sharp rogues that know more than they dare tell. It isn't perhaps quite right to be always on the alert. But don't you know that it isn't quite fair to cut a fellow's belly-band when he has mounted his hobby, especially if you want to learn anything from him."

Then he stopped short and folded his arms.

"Well," I said, after a pause, and taking a look at my watch, "it's nearly an hour to the next station. Will you tell me that which you know I am burning to hear?"

He just smiled a little, as if complimented by the earnest tone in which I had spoken, leaned forwards towards me, and in a voice, like a whisper, so as not to attract the attention of the old man behind us, but in a tone that made it as impressive as the service for the dead, he told me what seemed more like a nightmare than a reality.

"It makes me hate beautiful women," he said; "or rather dread them. I feel now, when I see one, like this. Keep away from it. It's a leopard asleep—graceful and lovely in repose. The soft feet, like velvet, seem made to tread only on moss. The gentle mouth only to lap up milk. But aroused, out comes the claws and the sharp teeth! How they will tear and rave and gnaw at the vitals of that which thwarts them; and more dreadful, because unexpected; more horrible, because it is hard to couple beauty with such ferocity. But no matter. Short and quick is the word. Listen."

"Perhaps I take more interest in the case because Milton Haywood was an old school-mate of mine. The old gentleman's name is not Haywood. It is Weyant, Michael Weyant. Haywood was always what we used to call sweet on Gertie Cockroft, which was her name. A little too much fond a sensible one would have said too—as I did. I have, many a time, long ago—never lately, rallied him on the matter, but got a sharp answer or a cuffed ear for my pains—and she was such an unconscionable tyrant to him. He, the quietest, most patient subject, as if he delighted in being tyrannized over. Strange, too, for he was high-browed, mettlesome enough elsewhere. Sometimes he made me think of a high-spirited horse, held down by a snaffle bit and a tight rein. He'll champ, and paw, and fret, and worry, but the bit and the rein conquer him at length. It is as children that I am speaking of them now, too. I have known her to throw her cap into the river just to see him swim after it and bring it back to her. While we fellows on the bank only dared to laugh amongst ourselves, and call him 'Gerty's pup' on the sly, let him punish us. For he could master us all, I believe. I have known him to whip soundly the best friend he had in school because Gertie told him to, out of pure mischief. And I have seen him stand up, undauntedly, and be punished by the master, most severely punished, in the face of the whole school, for mischief which Gertie had done, of which he was ignorant, but which she said was Milton's fault! I could not and cannot account for the control that she had over him. I know it was not with the feeling on his part, that at some time or other the tables would be turned, and he be the tyrant. He was too young to understand that masculine philosophy. Nor was it the effect of his great love for her. For

many a thing he did, which, had it been only love, his great pride would have kept him from doing. Though that there was strong, deep, abiding love between them, pure love, that was knit into their being from their earliest childhood, they afterwards fully proved to me, though in an awful manner.

"Of course, everybody laid out the future lives of these two children. They were to be man and wife. Or, as there was every indication of it, woman and husband. Alas! for the good of the world, that there should be as many as there are."

"The reality didn't follow as closely and smoothly on the heels of the prophecy, as the unanimity of the prophets might lead one to expect. There was evidently a whole batch of false prophets. A hitch occurred in the plan proposed by disinterested friends, when Gertie became of a marriageable age. The thing wouldn't work. Gertie's uncle interfered, somewhat to the discomfort of all concerned. He decreed, autocratically, that she must marry his old friend, Weyant, who had an eye for youth and beauty, and when he said must, it meant that it was already done."

"Of course we can't tell now, and I don't care to know, what means the old obstinate took to bring about such a result. I am sure I don't know how I should go to work to do it. But done it was, and Squire Haywood was left out in the cold."

"This seems to me the most singular thing of all. For Gertie loved Milton with all of that force of which such a hot-blooded, desperate-headed creature as she is, is capable. And when such a woman loves! Well, it is unnecessary to talk of the noon-day sun in the tropics, or the Desert of Sahara. I know that I thought of runaway matches, elopements, and such old-fashioned ways as the termination of her uncle's plans. But the wild, harum-scarum girl disappointed us all. She was very quietly married; went away. It was then that you saw her—came back, and seemed to settle down to a tame, wifely woman."

THE LELAND OPERA HOUSE, At Saratoga Springs.

Is located within the delightful grove of elms, on the Union Hotel grounds, the front facing the hotel, with the rear on Federal street. Its dimensions are 125 feet in length by 65 in breadth; height from first tier of boxes to ceiling, 36 feet. The whole building is surrounded by two piazzas 20 feet broad, each piazza corresponding with the tiers, and forming lobbies and standing room for spectators and promenaders. The piazzas open to the tiers by some 30 large glass doors, which can be thrown open at any time for purposes of ventilation or ingress and egress. The piazzas are supported by 60 columns, artistically fashioned upon the Corinthian order. The whole edifice is elevated six feet from the surface of the ground, for the purpose of giving stage room and depth of parquette, which is seven feet below the aisle, where the parquette joins the orchestra. The whole of the space under the piazzas and auditorium is devoted to two apartments, one of which is used as a ladies' and the other as a gentlemen's billiard-saloon. There is room for six tables in the gentlemen's part, and for four in that of the ladies'. Both these apartments are elegantly carpeted, and furnished with cushioned chairs and settees. These saloons are nine feet high in the clear. In the day time they are lighted by large side windows, and in the evening by gas.

The main entrance of the house is approached by a flight of nine steps, 30 feet in length, with handsome architectural ornaments on each side, surmounted by a number of brilliant gas lights. The main entrance to the body of the house is through three spacious arched doors, on either side of which are broad stairs leading to the second circle.

The auditorium is 75 feet deep by 65 broad, capable of comfortably seating in both circles and parquette 1,400 people. The seats are oak cane-seat chairs, and each arranged so that the occupant has plenty of room and a good view of the stage. The chairs form half a true circle, with the lines carefully converging to the proscenium boxes.

The panels of the circles are richly painted in white and pearl, ornamented with appropriate devices in gold. The second circle is supported by 12 iron columns, six in front and six in the rear, painted white and gilded.

The side walls are chaste and colored white and pearl, similar to the panellings of the circles. The ceiling is arched to the centre from all sides, converging to the top of the proscenium, which is arranged with pillars and columns on each side of the stage, leaving an opening 36 feet broad and 36 feet high for stage business. On each side of this are a number of large and comfortable private boxes, elegantly fitted up with damask curtains. The entire auditorium is illuminated by side gas brackets and chandeliers of bronze and gilt. The auditorium is ventilated from the top by spacious openings leading up directly from the roof, partially concealed by the ornamental work of the ceiling. By this arrangement, in addition to the doors opening from the piazzas, a constant circulation of pure air is secured, rendering the place in the most sultry weather at once cool and comfortable.

The orchestra is enclosed by a railing, and is eight feet deep by thirty-six feet wide, capable of accommodating the largest of opera orchestras. The footlights extend the whole width of the stage, and are so sunk in the floor as not to be seen from the front, but at the same time throwing a very powerful light upon the stage.

The stage is fifty feet deep and sixty-five feet broad. On each side is apportioned the usual space for scenery. At this part of the building the piazzas are enclosed, giving ample room for green-room, dressing-rooms, property rooms etc., on the first floor and basement. Under the stage a clear space is left for the operations of stage machinery.

The scenery and properties are all entirely new, and very extensive, sufficient for all operatic and dramatic performances.

The drop curtain represents a view through an open arch, supported by columns that belong to a gallery or extension back of the proscenium, in a serene Grecian landscape. In the middle ground of the landscape passers the festive procession of Muses moving, with Apollo in their midst, towards a temple seen in the distance. A rich uplifted drapery nearly surrounds the main scene, and represents the appearance of a gorgeous framework to a splendid picture. It is altogether a charming painting, and was executed by Mr. Henry Youngling, of New York, who has also had charge of the painting of the scenery, as well as the fresco work in the body of the house.

The outside ornaments of the edifice are in the highest degree classical and artistic; and with a large gilded American eagle, and the American colors flying from carved flagstaffs, adds a national as well as a truly attractive feature to the whole structure. The architect of this gem of an Opera House, this temple of music and beauty, this centre of attraction for fashion and grace the coming season, is Mr. William T. Beer, of this city. The builder is Mr. John Benedict, of Saratoga. The masonry was executed by Mr. Seymour Ainsworth, also of Saratoga. The gas fittings and fixtures were prepared by George H. Kitchen & Co., of New York.

The cost of the structure complete was \$60,000, exclusive

of the land. The building has been leased to Mr. Leonard Grover, the well-known operatic and dramatic manager, which is a guarantee that the performances will be of a character commensurate with the elegance of the entire establishment. Two nights have been reserved by the Messrs. Leland for the purpose of giving a grand opening ball, and for closing the season with a grand fancy dress ball and masquerade.

TOWN COSSIP.

The Park is in full dress and receiving visitors. It is the only Bocaccio Garden in America. It is Italy imprisoned. There are the lakes, bright and silent, and sailing swans and flocks of graceful boats. There are groves, and tangled walks, bridges, vias—the whole repository of landscape gardening. High in air is the hanging sea, the Reservoir, a laver of stainless crystal that melts away in the warm bright atmosphere. But to describe the garden one needs to be Bocaccio, and the story would fill out the books of the Decameron.

The city mouse, bound to show to the country mouse the richness and extent of the cheese in which he burrows, will naturally choose the Fifth avenue approach to the Park. How the little rustic's heart quakes as he steals up between those high, frigid, unfriendly walls! There is nothing that makes a stranger feel more strange and farther from home, Jamaica, and the amenities, than these gloomy cañons, where the rock, fretted into stairways and portals for conquerors to pass, rushes up to the sky on either side. And his extermination is complete, if, perchance, at some loop-hole where cascades of lace are trickling, the New York girl, in all the terrors of style and innate snobbishness looks him into the ground.

Then there is the dunkey. He goes to the Park clinging like a gilded fly as he rolls behind the children of petroleum. He feels his calves quiver, and would be willing to exhibit them. He is solemn, superb and vain. But he is unappreciated, and he is unhappy. He feels like an exotic, and pines among his halls and towers. The hardy indigenous plants of American institutions spring up and choke him. May he continue to pine and to be sprung upon and choked to all eternity!

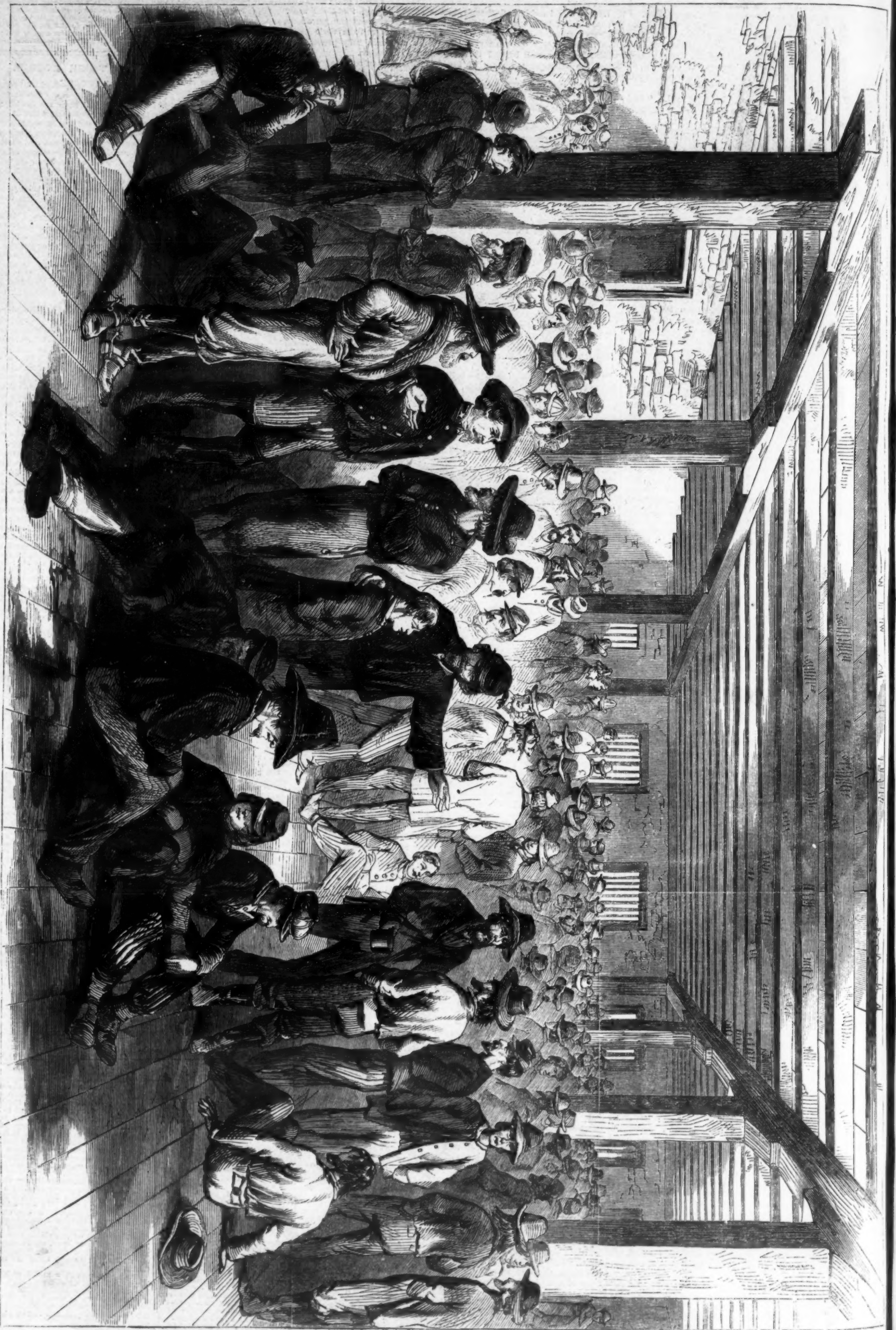
There is one class of public servants who are giving great dissatisfaction, and who must be trembling in their shoes lest an indignant city should oust them entirely. These are the postmen. The papers are published, complaining and almost tearful letters. Fredrick, whose daily billets to Robertine, are a matter of ardent necessity to him, and of many meaning winks to the carrier whom he is abusing, finds that those tender lines to his mistress' Grecian curls did not reach their destination for two days, so he tunelessly ventilates his complaint (dexterously disguising it—the deep fellow—with a story about a legal appointment with Judge Brady) in the columns of the *Blazon*. It is certainly sad. We took his wrongs deeply to heart—it was about the time of the great tornado, in which we journeyed from near the Park to Courtlandt street to meet our wife's aunt, whose letter of regrets had unfortunately been delayed—and turning it over in our stupid head could hit upon no brighter way of avenging society than to "lick" or chastise the various postmen as we might meet them at dark corners in detail. But coming upon one when every opportunity was favorable, and getting near with a wicked feeling in our boots, we were brought to a stop by the lock of the man—littin and heavy-headed, the low cars of the mouth drawing down its corners and the weary grasp of a huge spaw of papers in a hand made extra large for the business. We declined to hurt such a poor representative of tyranny, and so the public wrong is unavenged.

The discharged military have been in a state of great agitation about the Sonora expedition. We heard of it through a warrior, a friend of ours, who deserves well of his country, having defended with incredible valor the post of secretary in the commissariat department, down in South Carolina. He was full of enthusiasm. He proposed to get a pecuniary inducement in the shape of a sum of money, variously stated at from forty-five to eight thousand dollars, notes for the payment of which had already been printed from the neat plates discovered in the vaults of the Charleston Bank. In addition, there was a grant of eight hundred acres of gold mine, eligibly situated on the cool side of the moon. He had neither the money nor the patent about him, unfortunately, for we wished to inspect them; but apologized for their absence by the statement that Gen. Ortega had gone to Washington, and that Col. Allen was so preoccupied with demands for vouchers and a definite explanation of his scheme, that he had unhappily lost his patience, and revenged himself by refusing all inquiries to the public prints for information. The payment all around Howard and Crosby streets, our friend declared, was strewn with countless fragments of *Heralds*, *Tribunes*, *Worlds* and other dailies, viciously torn across and trampled by gossiped querists. He left us to seek a personal interview, having a letter of introduction from one of Barnum's giants, who speaks Spanish. He was sanguine of success, but we have not seen him since.

On Tuesday night week we obtained, by means of some ingenious tampering with the Peruvian Consul, a pass into the residence of Hon. E. G. Squier, late Commissioner to that country, where a meeting of the Ethnological Society was transpiring. Now, of course we know well what ethnology is; it is disagreeable to be pressed, but we do not, in this instance, mind unearthing our firm conviction that it is a science of a culinary nature, with bearings upon the cookery of the ancient Britons, and the Etrurian method of introducing the apple into the dumping. Among the curiosities displayed by Mr. Squier as the result of his researches into the ethnology of the ancient Peruvians, we observed specimens of maize, with grains larger than a horse's teeth (from which we inferred that popping corn was doubtless a favorite and exciting amusement among the Incas), also an endless variety of flasks, pocket-pensils, canes, decanters, etc.—all unfortunately empty—and rolling-pins made of a stone whose crystal and fracture resembled hard tack. There were also quantities of Peruvian skulls, like-wise empty—one had actually been trepanned, probably the Inca method of getting an idea in, but that skull was as empty as the rest. The point of interest in these heads of a highly ingenious people seemed to us to be that they manufactured their own phrenology, trimming the skull into favorite bumps while the bones were young and pliable. Some tribes exhibited these skulls neatly dressed—possibly with the rolling-pins—into the figure of an elongated noodle, such as dodge the ladie in a curve; while the true Inca heads appeared to have been much eat upon by the mothers in early youth, giving fine lateral development to the temporal regions. Mr. Squier made use of these relics to illustrate a learned and delightful narrative, of which we distinctly remember the peroration. It was "Come into the dining-room!" and if we were better arithmeticians we would tell you what two waiters divided into forty ethnologists, and what was to carry.

We omitted an important item in our little notice of the National Academy last week. We mean the sculpture of the American Republic, whose sculptors are famous the world over. We take an early opportunity for the anecdote, and devote the conclusion of this twaddle to the triumphs of the American chisel during the past year. There are no such triumphs of the American chisel on exhibition, and now our story is done. Remember the liveliest chapter in old Von Tromp's History of Iceland: "Chapter VI, the Snakes of Iceland. In Iceland there are no snakes of any description."

There is, however, a model of Bryant's head, by Launt Thompson, which is good. It is noble, expressive, the very ideal of a bard, and, in fine, adequate to its intended position in the Park—in which good work, excellent for head-piece, or tail-piece, we begin and end this park-ling chapter, and rest on our ribs for another week.



INTERIOR OF LIBBY PRISON, WITH LEES SOLDIERS CONFINED AFTER THE SURRENDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BROWN.

MRS. SURBATT, WITH THE CONSPIRATORS AND ASSASSINS, HOODED AND IRONED, PROCEEDING TO THE PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON, FROM THE STEAMER KEYPORT, WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO THE WHARF FROM THE GUNBOAT IN THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC., ETC.

"You never told me—"

"No—I told you I had been a private in the 51st. The other business was only a part of my duty."

Maude was silent for some moments after this. She sat looking dreamily out of the window, while Francis still twisted the Berlin wools in his strong fingers. Maude was the first to speak.

"Was it Mr. Lowther you meant just now, when you spoke of a discontented fine gentleman?" she asked, with some slight hesitation.

"Yes; I never served any other master. Ensign Lowther was horribly discontented. He was one of those men who can't take things easily; but I can understand a good deal of his peevish restlessness now. I can sympathise with him now, Maude."

His voice grew low and tender as he said this.

"Why?" asked Miss Hillary, rather coldly.

"He was in love, Maude—an unhappy attachment, as I understand, to some lady—an heiress, I think—whose money was a hindrance to a marriage between them."

From the beginning to the end of this conversation Maude Hillary's thoughts had been employed in debating one question—should she, or should she not, tell her future husband that Harcourt Lowther was the man to whom she had been previously engaged? He knew of that broken engagement, but he did not know the name of her lover. Was it her duty to tell him? It would be very unpleasant to do so; but then duty is so often unpleasant. She was still silently debating this subject; the words which she should speak were forming themselves in her mind; when the drawing-room door was opened, and a servant announced Mr. Lowther. Maude's heart beat violently. Would there be a scene? Why had Harcourt come, when he knew—? But Mr. Lowther very speedily relieved her fears upon this subject. Nothing could be more delightful than his manner. He was cordial to his old servant, without attempting any airs of patronage. He could not have been more entirely at his ease with Maude, had he been the most indifferent of first cousins.

Mr. Lowther was only acting up to his determination to take things quietly. He had met Lionel Hillary in the city that morning, and had surprised the merchant by speaking of Maude's engagement to Francis Tredethlyn.

"But don't alarm yourself, my dear Hillary," he said, with a frank smile. "To say that I adored, and do adore your daughter, is only to admit a fact to which, I daresay, every male visitor at the Cedars would be happy to testify in a round-robin. Miss Hillary is made to be worshipped. I have only been one among a score of worshippers. If ever I hoped to overcome your very natural prejudice against my disgusting poverty, I have long ceased to hope it, so it was scarcely such a deathblow to me to discover what had happened during my exile. Will you let me renew my old relations with your household? Will you let me be one of the moths again? I know now that the candle will burn, and that its dangerous glare alone, and not its tender warmth, is reserved for me, so I shall have only myself to blame if I come away with a scorched wing."

Mr. Hillary's only reply to this rather sentimental speech was a hearty invitation to dinner.

"I can give you your favorite Rhododendron with the oysters. Chablis is a mistake, when you can get good hock. Sharp seven, remember; but you may go earlier if you care for croquet. I daresay you'll find Tredethlyn there."

"The poor fellow is very hard hit, I suppose!" Mr. Hillary smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "I never saw such a devoted creature. Good day."

The merchant hurried off, and Harcourt walked slowly away, pondering as he went.

"A devoted creature. Yes, and there has been new blood let into the commercial anatomy of Hillary & Co. I daresay the poor devil, Tredethlyn, has been bled to a hideous extent."

The dinner at the Cedars went off very pleasantly. What dinner could fail to go off tolerably well, enlivened by Harcourt Lowther, when that gentleman cared to exercise his genius for making conversation? There were other guests at the merchant's round table, and after dinner people showed an inclination to stroll out of the lamplit drawing-room on to the dusky lawn, and down to the terrace, drawn perhaps by the magnetic influence of the river, which will be looked at.

It happened somehow—I suppose Mr. Lowther himself managed it—that he and Maude were left a little way behind the rest of the loiterers upon the twilight terrace. Ah! how vividly in the memory of both arose the picture of a time long ago, when they had stood there side by side, by the same river, in a twilight calm like this, with the same star glimmering faintly in a low rose-tinted western sky. In Maude's breast that memory awakened cruel pangs of shame and remorse. In Harcourt Lowther's breast there was a strangely mingled feeling of bitterness and regret—bitterness against the Destiny which had given him so few of life's brightest possessions; regret for the vanished time in which some natural earnestness, some touch of fresh and manly feeling, had yet lingered in his heart.

"Poor, simple, unworldly Maude," he thought, as he contemplated the girl's pale face, "what a penitent look she has! and yet if she knew—"

He smiled, and left the thought unfinished. Then, turning to Maude, he said with a little touch of melancholy solemnity, worthy of Edgar Ravenswood himself,

"Miss Hillary, let us be friends. If you can bury the past, so can I. We may yet atone sweet flowers of friendship on the grave of our dead love."

"And I really don't want to let Francis Tredethlyn slip through my fingers altogether," Mr.

Lowther added mentally, as a sort of rider to that pretty little speech.

Maude looked at him with rather a puzzled expression.

"You are very generous," she faltered, embarrassed, and at a loss how to express herself, "but—don't you think it would be better for us—to say good-bye to each other—for ever. I—I—hope you will marry some one—worthy of you—some one who is less the slave of circumstances than I am. I want to do my duty to Mr. Tredethlyn—and I think it is a part of my duty to tell him of our broken engagement."

"My dear Miss Hillary, you would surely never do anything so foolish. Poor Francis is the best fellow in the world, but he is just the man to be ferociously jealous if he once got any foolish crotchets into his head. I have lived in the same house with him, remember, and must therefore know him better than you do. As for saying farewell for ever, and all that kind of thing, your eternal parting reads remarkably well in a novel, but it isn't practicable between civilised people who belong to the same rank of society. Georgina bids Algernon an irrevocable adieu on Tuesday morning, and there is a burning of letters and love-locks in Brompton Crescent; and on Wednesday evening the same Algernon takes her down to dinner in Westbourne Terrace. We can bury the past in as deep a grave as you like, and lay the ghosts of memory with any exorcism you please, but we can't pledge ourselves not to meet any day in the week in the houses of our common friends."

Maude was quite unable to argue with so specious a reasoner as Mr. Lowther. She did her best to defend her position, and urged the necessity of telling Francis Tredethlyn the whole truth. But Harcourt overruled her objections, and in the end obtained from her a promise that she would still remain silent as to the name of her discarded lover.

CHAPTER XXIII.—TIDINGS OF SUSAN.

Absorbed in the conflicting tortures and delights of his bondage, Francis Tredethlyn had thought very little of that missing cousin who had once been so near and dear to him. Now and then, when he had been most entirely under the spell of Maude Hillary's fascinating presence, the vision of a rosy rustic face, framed in a little dimity bonnet, had arisen suddenly before him, mutely reproachful of his forgetfulness and neglect, and he had resolved that on the very next day some new steps should be taken in the search for Susan Tredethlyn. But then, on that next day, there was generally some flower-show or *matinée musicale*, some boater at Putney, or appointment to play croquet at Twickenham, in short, some excuse or other for devoting himself to Maude Hillary, and poor Susan's image melted away into chaos. But Mr. Tredethlyn was suddenly startled into recollection of his neglected duty by the receipt of a letter from his solicitors, Messrs. Kuredale & Scardon, asking for an early interview, and announcing that they had an important communication to make respecting Miss Susan Tredethlyn, otherwise Miss Susan Turner.

An important communication. The Cornishman felt his face grow hot as he read the letter. Susan was found, perhaps, he thought. He had never mentioned her name to Maude Hillary, and now it might be that she would need all the devotion of a loving protector, perhaps even the strong arm of an avenger, at a time when his every thought was absorbed by his approaching marriage. The young man did not wait for any ceremonious appointment, but hurried off at once to Gray's Inn, and presented himself before Mr. Kuredale, the senior partner.

In the quiet office Francis Tredethlyn's hot eagerness tamed down a little before the matter-of-fact manner of the solicitor. There was a sober tranquillity in the aspect of the man and of the place, which seemed to have a singularly soothing effect upon all human emotion. The sober little clock ticking on the gray stone mantelpiece, a skeleton clock, exhibiting its entire anatomy to the public eye, and superior to all meretricious adornment, seemed perpetually ticking out in the stillness:

"Let me advise you to take it easily; let me recommend you to take it quietly; whatever the Law can do for you will be done for you here; but it must be done in the Law's own way, which is very slow, and very complicated, and rather trying to human patience."

Mr. Kuredale received Francis with calm cordiality, and after a few stately compliments proceeded at once to business.

"You will remember that my opinion and that of my partner—for I availed myself of his judgment in the matter—you will, no doubt, recollect, that after considerable study of the manuscript or journal which you confided to me, I came to the conclusion that the writer of that journal had contemplated imposing upon your cousin's simplicity by a mock marriage, a sham ceremonial, performed before some person falsely representing himself to be a district registrar. This opinion was really forced upon me by the wording of the diary. Look at the diary in what light I would—and I assure you I weighed the matter most carefully—I could not see my way to any other conclusion."

"I understand," answered Francis. "I knew the man was a scoundrel. I made that out somehow or other, from his journal. I knew he meant mischief and treachery upon little Susie; but I couldn't make out what treachery till you opened my eyes to the truth."

"But suppose that, after all my care, I was too hasty in forming a conclusion. Suppose that we have been mistaken, Mr. Tredethlyn."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Some days since, I happened to open a drawer which had been unopened for a long time, and hidden under a lot of other documents I found the diary which you entrusted to me. The sight of the manuscript reminded me of you and your missing cousin, so I suppose it was only natural that I

should turn over the pages, not in the hope of finding any new meaning in them, however, for I had studied them too carefully for that. I turned them over, and while debating the question of a mock marriage the thought suddenly flashed upon me that it would be at least very easy to ascertain if any genuine ceremonial had taken place in London. Remember, Mr. Tredethlyn, I did not for one moment imagine that there had been a real marriage, and I fully believed that the trouble I was about to take would be wasted trouble. If I had not from the first been firmly convinced that the writer of the diary contemplated a sham marriage, and nothing but a sham marriage, I should, at the outset, have done that which I only did the other day."

Francis Tredethlyn's impatience was so very evident, that the lawyer, slow as he generally was, quickened his pace a little as he went on.

"I was determined to institute an investigation of the books of every registrar's office in the metropolis during the months of January, February and March, 1849. I entrusted a confidential clerk with this task, and three days afterwards he brought me the result of his investigation. On the 27th of February, 1849, Robert Lesley was married to Susan Turner, in the office of the district registrar for Marylebone. The registrar's name was Joseph Pepper; the names of the witnesses were Mary Banks and Jimma Banks, of No. 7 Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Francis Tredethlyn, reverently. "Thank God, for my little Susan's sake, that this man was not the scoundrel we took him for."

"Whether such a marriage, contracted under a false name on your cousin's part, and it is very possible, also under a false name on the part of the writer of the diary—whether such a marriage might not be open to dispute, is another question. However, the ceremonial, as far as it went, was genuine, and in any case there would be some little difficulty in setting it aside."

"It shall not be set aside!" cried Francis. "If I have the power to enforce it. Thank God for this, Mr. Kuredale, and thank you for the thought, late as it came, that led to the discovery of the truth."

"You must remember, though, my dear Mr. Tredethlyn," remonstrated the solicitor, who was almost alarmed by the young man's eagerness, "you must bear in mind that it is just possible there may have been some other Susan Turner and some other Robert Lesley married in the month of February, 1849, and that this registration may refer to them."

"I am not afraid of that," Francis answered, decisively. "No, the man meant to be a scoundrel, I daresay; but my little Susie's artless confidence touched his heart at the very last, perhaps, and he could not be such a villain as to deceive her. Rely upon it, Mr. Kuredale, the marriage was a genuine marriage, and I shall live to see my cousin righted, and to divide my uncle Oliver's money with her."

Mr. Kuredale stared at his client in blank amazement.

"You would—do that?" he asked, after a pause. "Of course I would. Poor little, ill-used darling! The money was hers, every penny of it, by right. I—I meant at first to have restored it all to her; but new claims have arisen for me, and I can only give her half the fortune that should be her own."

The solicitor stifled a groan.

"And now how am I to find Susie?" asked Francis. "This registration business gives us a new clue, doesn't it?"

"Unquestionably. We can at any rate hope to find the two witnesses, Mary and Jimma Banks, and from them we may discover your cousin's present whereabouts. I'll send a clerk to these Banks people to-morrow."

"Do you know, I think I'd rather go and look for them myself, and at once," said Francis. "I've been very neglectful of Susie's interests lately, and I feel as if I ought to do something to make up for my neglect. I'll go myself, Mr. Kuredale, and try to find out these people. If I fail, you must help me to find them. If I succeed, I'll come here to-morrow morning and tell you the result."

The young man wrote the address of the people in St. John's Wood in his pocketbook, shook hands with his legal adviser, and hurried away. He was so eager to atone for the neglect of the past by the activity of the present. He hailed a Hansom in Holborn, and was on his way to St. John's Wood five minutes after he had left the lawyer's office. He sat with his watch open in his hand, while he made abstruse calculations as to the time it would take him to find the females, Mary and Jimma Banks, extort from them all the information they had to give, drive back to his hotel, reorganise his toilet, and then make his way to Twickenham. Mr. Tredethlyn had grown something of a dandy of late; he employed a West-end tailor, belaboured his honest head with big ivory-backed brushes, and bedewed his cambric handkerchief with the odorous inventions of that necromancer of the flower garden, Monsieur Eugène Rimmel. The big Cornishman smiled at his reflection in the glass sometimes, wondering at his own frivolity. But it was for Maude Hillary's sake that he brushed his hair laboriously every day, and grew critical in the choice of a waistcoat. He had even hired a man to wait upon him, and had a little regiment of boot-trees in his dressing-room.

St. John's Wood proper is perhaps one of the most delightful suburban retreats in which the man who, yearning for the waving of green trees about his abode, is yet obliged to live within an easy cab drive from the city, can make a pleasant temple for his *luree* and *penates*. Dear little villas, embosomed in foliage; stately mansions, towering proudly out of half an acre of trimly-kept garden, invite the wealthy citizen to retirement and repose. The young lilacs and laburnums of to-day may represent but poorly the

bosky verdures of the past, but still the Wood of St. John is a cool and pleasant oasis in the great arid desert of London.

But there are outskirts and dependencies of St. John that are not quite so pleasant—ragged wastes and shabby little terraces, that hang like tattered edges disgracing a costly garment. These dismal streets and dreary terraces may not belong of right to St. John, but they hang about him, and cling to him, and shelter themselves under the grandeur of his name, nevertheless.

Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood, were very pretentious little dwelling-places, fronted with damp stucco, and with a tendency to a mossy greenness of aspect that was eminently dispiriting. Woolcote Villas were of the Elizabethan order of architecture, and went off abruptly into peaks and angles wherever a peak or an angle was possible. How such small houses could require the massive stacks of Elizabethan chimneys which made Woolcote Villas appear topheavy and incongruous to the eye of the stranger, was an enigma only to be solved by the architect who designed those habitations; and why Woolcote Villas should each be finished off with a stuccoed mustard pot, popularly known as a Campanello tower, which was not Elizabethan, and not practicable for habitation, being open to the four winds of heaven, was another problem perpetually awaiting the same individual's solution.

The Hansom cabman, after driving through all the intricacies of St. John's Wood on different false scents, came at last upon Woolcote Villas, through the friendly offices of a milkman, and pulled up his horse before the door of number seven.

Francis alighted and rang the bell—a bell with a slack wire, which required to be pulled a great many times before any effect was produced. At last, however, the bell rang, and then, after a pause and another peal, the door was opened, and a slipshod servant maid, with a flapping circle of dirty net hanging from the back of her disorderly head, emerged from number seven, Woolcote Villas, and presented herself at the little gate before which Francis Tredethlyn was waiting.

The young man asked if Mrs. Banks was at home. Yes, she was at home, and Miss Banks also. Did he please to want the apartments?

Mr. Tredethlyn told her that he had particular business with Mrs. Banks, and that it was that lady whom he wished to see. The girl looked disappointed. There were a good many bills in the Elizabethan windows of Woolcote Villas, and the demands of lodgers were not equal to the supply of furnished apartments.

The sound of a tinkling piano, played very badly, greeted Mr. Tredethlyn as he entered the narrow passage. The dirty maid-servant opened the door of the apartment whence the sound came, and Francis found himself in a shabby parlor, tenanted by a young lady, who rose from the piano as he entered, and who was very fine and yet very shabby, and a trifle dirty, like the parlor, and like Woolcote Villas generally. The young lady wore a greasy-looking black silk, relieved by a coquettish little apron of Stuart plaid, and adorned by all manner of ribbons and narrow velvets, with a good deal of mosaic jewellery in the way of hearts and crosses, and anchors and lockets; and her hair was turned back from her forehead, and flowed in graceful ringlets of the coral-screw order upon her stately shoulders. She was altogether a very extensively adorned young lady; and she gave a little start expressive of surprise and timidity, with just a slight admixture of pleasure, as Mr. Tredethlyn presented himself before her. Many single gentlemen had inspected the long-vacant lodgings, but there had been no one among them so good-looking, or so splendid of aspect, as this tall, broad-shouldered Cornishman, revised and corrected by his West-end tailor.

"The apartments, I suppose," the young lady said, curtsying and simpering. "My ma being busy, perhaps you will allow me to show them to you. This is the parlor. If the use of a sitting-room only is required, with partial board, including dinner on Sundays, the terms would be seventeen and sixpence. Private apartments, without board, fifteen shillings, or with full board—"

The young lady would have proceeded further, but Francis Tredethlyn interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I don't require apartments; my business is quite of a different nature. Your name is Banks, I believe?"

The lady inclined her head graciously. Life was very dreary in Woolcote Villas, and the advent of a good-looking stranger could scarcely be otherwise than agreeable, even if he was not a prospective tenant.

"Mary—or Jimma—Banks?" asked Francis.

"I am Miss Jimma Banks," the young lady replied, with considerable dignity. She began to think the good-looking stranger inclined to be presumptuous; but Francis was too preoccupied to be aware of the intended reproof.

"I am very glad that I have been so fortunate as to find you," he said, "for I believe you can give me the information I want. You were present at a marriage before the registrar, at an office in Fothering street, Marylebone, on the 27th of February, 1849. Can you tell me where the young lady who was married went after the ceremony? I have some right to ask this question, for Susan Tre—Susan Turner is my first cousin."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Miss Banks, surprised out of her stateliness. "Poor Susan was your cousin, was she? Why, she came home here a fortnight after her marriage."

"She came here?"

"Yes; she was lodging here before that, and she and her husband went off to Paris after the ceremony, and there was no breakfast and no nothing; and Mr. Lesley, he was always very high and mighty-like in his ways, he flung down a twenty-pound note upon the desk before the registrar, and when the man said something about change, he threw up his head scornful-like—it

was a way he had if anything vexed him—"There's your money," he said, "and don't let's have any humbug," and then he dragged his poor little wife's hand through his arm, just nodded to me and mother, and walked off to the cab without a word, leaving me and mother in the registrar's office. The registrar was full of praises of the gentleman's generosity, and said he'd like to tie up half-a-dozen such couples every week, but mother was regularly cross about that twenty-pound note, and went on about it all the way home, saying, that Mr. Lesley had ground her down close enough about the rent for these rooms, and needn't go showing off his generosity to strange registers."

"And my cousin Susan went to Paris?"
"Yes, but only for a fortnight, and we was to keep the apartments for her, which we did, and at the end of a fortnight she came back, dressed beautiful, and with all sorts of lovely things in her boxes, and she was looking so well and so happy, and anybody would have thought she was the luckiest woman in the world. But, mother, she used to shake her head about it, and say she never knew those secret sort of marriages to come to any good, because, when a gentleman begins by not wanting to own his wife, he's very apt to end by wishing he hadn't married her; but mother always looks at the black side of things, whether it's taxes, or whether it's lodgers, or whatever it is, so I didn't take much notice. Mrs. Lesley seemed very happy, and Mr. Lesley, for the first week or so, he stopped at home a great deal, and scarcely ever went out, except to take his wife out to dine, or to a theatre, or something of that kind, and they really seemed the happiest couple that ever was; but by-and-bye Mr. Lesley went away; to college, his wife told me; and I shall never forget how she cried, poor thing, the night he left her, or how lonely she looked sitting in this room, where they'd been so happy together, with their little oyster suppers after the theatre, and everything that heart could wish. She'd got some books that he'd left behind him spread out before her on the table, and she was turning one of them over when I went in to see her."

"They're very hard to understand, Miss Banks," she said, "but I try to read them, because I want to be clever, and able to talk to Robert when he comes home."

"After this she was almost always reading, poor little thing, and she'd sit in this room for days and days together; for she didn't like to go out alone, and mother does drive and worry so, that it wasn't often I could get out with her. Mr. Lesley was to be away three months, she told me; and I'm sure that poor thing used to count the hours, and minutes almost, wishing the time to go; but when the three months was up, there was no Mr. Lesley; he was going fishing somewhere in Wales with some grand friends, she told me, and wouldn't be home till the next vacation. I never saw any one so cut up as she was by the disappointment, though she wouldn't talk about it, only I could see every morning by her face, that she'd been lying awake half the night, crying her poor eyes out."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" murmured Francis Tredethlyn.

LOVE.

This gay young earth,
Wood of the sun, would break its heart with joy,
But that its joy doth vent itself in flowers.
So when young Love lights in a maiden's heart,
And buildeth there its nest, and rears its brood
Of twittering loves and fond imaginings,
'Twould burst with rapture were it not for song.
Song is to love what tears are to sorrow.
Tears sweeten grief, as song doth sweeten love,
And love doth ever voice itself in song,
As rills in music. So this Soul of Love,
Shaped like an Indian maid, again did sing.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER VII.—ROSE FLOREY AT HOME.

My readers will remember that the second attempt upon Guy's Folly was fixed for the sixth night after the first.

To some extent, however, the robbers had reckoned without their host.

Walter Raymond had imagined that his uncle, amid his profusion of treasures, would not so soon miss his gold.

It was, as we have seen, far otherwise, for the robbery had at once been perceived, though, unfortunately for Ralph St. Clare, the odium of the disgraceful deed had fallen upon the wrong shoulders.

For one thing Walter congratulated himself—he had heard the robbery talked of in the neighborhood. He therefore knew that his uncle was aware of the theft, and was thus prevented from running himself heedlessly into danger.

On the sixth evening Gideon Crawleigh came to see him, smiling as ever, and quite prepared for any villainy.

"This time the conference took place in the grounds, where all interference was impossible."

"Well," began Crawleigh, "this is to be the night of our second trial."

Walter glanced at him in complete astonishment.

"Our second trial!" he said. "You must be mad."

"Why so?"

"To ask me to go again to my uncle's house, when the robbery is the talk of the neighborhood, is the act of a maniac. Why, Guy Raymond will watch his gold like a lynx; he will have sentinels posted at the doors, he will never sleep nor rest

until we are discovered. We must defer this visit till a week or so has passed."

Gideon's countenance fell.

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, Walter," he said. "I had hoped you had more courage."

"Courage! Yes, I have abundance of courage; but that is one thing and madness is another. Come, tell me, why are you so eager? Surely you are not yet in want of money."

"I am indeed! I have lost all."

"Lost all! If you spend two thousand pounds in two days, the Bank of England will not supply your wants. However, as to one thing I am determined—I will not go to Guy Raymond's house again until all this matter has been hushed up."

"Very well," returned Crawleigh. "Only, as you are economical, perhaps you can lend me a few pounds—say a hundred until this proper moment arrives."

Walter took out his pocketbook and drew thence ten ten-pound notes, which he handed to his companion.

Gideon placed them in his pocketbook with a smile.

"They seem little in comparison with what I expected," he said; "but still they are better than nothing. Good evening; I will not come in. Mrs. Raymond will be glad enough to see the back of me."

With these words he turned upon his heel and left the place.

To explain the impoverished state into which Gideon Crawleigh had fallen is easy.

On the morning following his interview with Rose Florey at the well he went early to her house. He found her seated luxuriously in her drawing-room, surrounded by her favorites.

She was a handsome girl this Rose Florey, tall and well-proportioned, and walking with conscious dignity.

She had dark hazel eyes and brown hair, a cherry mouth, a full form, and a manner which awed while it fascinated.

And now, as she sat in her easy-chair, in her morning dress, low in front, and displaying her exquisite bust, her curling, dark hair, short like a man's, and whole air of abandon and grace, she was a picture of infinite beauty.

She smiled graciously as Gideon Crawleigh entered, and, removing a cigarette from her cherry lips, said:

"You are punctual, I see, Mr. Crawleigh."

"Yes. Indeed I have need to be, if any, under such circumstances."

Rose laughed lightly.

"Well, perhaps it is," she said. "At any rate, Mr. Fisher is here, and with him is an officer."

Gideon turned pale.

"You have deceived me," he said.

"Not so. I warned you last night."

"And you have induced me to come hither in order that I may be entrapped?"

"Not so. Have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I have it in my purse."

"Give it to me, then."

He did so.

She rang the bell.

In another moment Mr. Fisher entered the room, and with him a stout man of middle age, whom Gideon recognised as the officer.

Mr. Fisher bowed stiffly.

"Mr. Crawleigh, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I have a cheque of yours: it has been—ahem!—dishonored. Are you prepared to meet it?"

"Yes; I have this moment given Miss Florey the money."

Rose handed it to Mr. Fisher.

"You see, Mr. Fisher," she said, with one of her blindest smiles, "you see I am a woman of my word."

"Yes, indeed," he answered, as he pocketed the money; "and so am I a man of my word. Here is the cheque."

She handed it to Gideon.

"Is it correct?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and burnt it in the fire.

Then her whole aspect suddenly changed. Her eyes became a blaze of anger, her smiles died away into a bitter wreath of scorn, her bosom heaved with emotion, but this time an emotion of hate and indignation.

"Now, Mr. Fisher," she cried, "now you can leave my house! Gideon Crawleigh is my friend—perhaps not the best friend a woman ever had, but still a friend. You know well how you have wormed yourself into my confidence, and betrayed it. Go—leave my house; and never let me see your face again!"

"But—"

"Say nothing, but go! Your presence is hateful to me. Gideon, ring the bell."

He did so, and in another moment a servant appeared.

"Show these persons out," cried Rose Florey; "and see that they do not enter again."

Mr. Fisher did not think it worth while to make any opposition; so, like a dog with his tail between his legs, left the room.

Gideon Crawleigh, rendered more comfortable by their departure, and by the manner which Rose Florey had adopted, drew his chair up close to the fire.

"Well, Rose," he said, "you have done me a great service."

He took her soft little hand in his as he spoke.

She drew it away.

"There, don't be making love to me, Gideon," she said. "Those days are over. I expect Sir Arthur here every moment."

"Then why make an appointment with me at this hour?" he said, in a tone of evident vexation.

"Because I could not help it. Fisher—the wretch!—would make no other time do for him; so it was necessity that compelled me to choose this hour."

"And what is your special grudge against Fisher?"

"That is my business," said Rose Florey. "It is a secret. How much money have you left?"

"Not much."

"Let me have a hundred."

Gideon reluctantly drew the required sum from his pocket.

"You will clear me out," he said. "You will, indeed."

Nevertheless he handed it to her, and she placed it in her pocket.

"Cleared out!" she remarked, as she did so—"cleared out! It is better to be so than in prison. And now that I have done with you, be off! I think Sir Arthur must be near my door now."

Gideon rose.

With Rose Florey, when at home, he knew that it was absolute madness to argue.

He cast one glance of regretful admiration upon the splendid creature whom he had once deemed all his own, shook her warmly by the hand, and departed.

When he was out of hearing Rose Florey threw her purse in the air in childish play, and laughed merrily.

"What a fool Gideon is," she said to herself, "to fancy that I would allow Sir Arthur Arbuthnot—wretched impostor—to visit me. If I fail everywhere else, I may have him for a husband, but I could not endure him for a lover."

So, after a moment, instead of waiting the arrival of any one, Rose went to her dressing-room, prepared herself for a walk, and went out.

Gideon Crawleigh, meanwhile, went towards home, dressed himself for a journey also, and took his way towards a neighboring town.

Here he dined, and at six o'clock entered Bevan's Hotel.

Bevan's Hotel was the resort of all the black sheep of the neighborhood and its surroundings, speculative tradesmen on the verge of bankruptcy, swells from London who were compelled to avoid the metropolis, and young fellows belonging to country families who considered it "the thing" to associate with blacklegs.

To an utter stranger, "Bevan's" must have appeared nothing beyond an ordinary hotel, having its usual large coffee and dining-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., etc., its bar, and its slipshod waiters.

But to the initiated, the rear only of the premises presented attractions.

There were to be found a skittle-alley, a billiard-room, a roulette-table, and various other minor sources of impoverishment and wealth.

It was towards the third-mentioned of these amusements that Gideon Crawleigh took his way on quitting Rose Florey's.

He was an inveterate gambler, and was considered lucky.

Luck, however, had turned against him of late; and since his acquisition of stolen property, his fortune had been worse than ever.

He had very little money left when Rose Florey demanded her loan; but Rose possessed over him, as she did over every one, an apparently unlimited power, and he scarcely dared refuse her.

Here, however, at the roulette-table, where he made no pretence of being very particular, he hoped to recover his losses, and he entered the room with a sort of defiant air, which effectually proved to all present his determination to play.

The "pigeons" were pleased, the "rooks" were disgusted.

The former looked upon him as a new boon companion, but the others regarded him as an interference to their own particular game.

But again fortune was fickle.

Every coin left his pocket ere he quitted the room.

The hundred pounds which he afterwards borrowed from Walter Raymond was carried to the same room, but with a different effect.

He won treble the amount.

Then among the crowd there appeared a new face. This was Ralph St. Clare, and upon him Gideon Crawleigh at once fixed as his special victim.

ANDREW JOHNSON, now President of the United States, was once announced to speak in Nashville on one of the exciting questions of the day; and loud threats were uttered that, if he dared to appear, he should not leave the hall alive. At the appointed hour he ascended the platform, and, advancing to the desk, laid his pistol upon it. He then addressed the audience in terms as follows: "Fellow-citizens: It is proper when freemen assemble for the discussion of important public interests, that everything should be done decently and in order. I have been informed that part of the business to be transacted on the present occasion is the assassination of the individual who now has the honor of addressing you. I beg respectfully to propose that this be the first business in order. Therefore, if any man has come here to-night for the purpose indicated, I do not say to him let him speak, but let him shoot." Here he paused, and with his right hand on his pistol and the other holding open his coat, while with his eyes he blandly surveyed the assembly. After a pause of half a minute, he resumed: "Gentlemen, it appears that I have been misinformed. I will now proceed to address you on the subject that has called us together."

MALIBRAN, the famous singer and actress, tells the following amusing anecdote of herself: "Not long since, I was playing Desdemona at the Paris opera house for my benefit, and the stage was covered with bouquets. It was the very first time that flowers had been thrown upon the Parisian stage, and I never beheld any more lovely; but you see I was obliged to die, and it was a great pity, for, under the circumstances, I could not pick them up. Otello had to die, also, and the man was bent enough to prepare to stab himself just where he must fall on at least half a dozen of the best. This was more than I could endure, so, although I was quite dead at the time, I exclaimed, in a low voice: 'Take care of my flowers! Take care of my flowers!' Louis Philippe was in a side-box that night, and heard me; and so the next day I had a magnificent present of exotics from St. Cloud, with a polite message signifying that his Majesty, observing my posthumous love for floriculture, begged my acceptance of the accompanying tribute."

A LEARNED counsel once said to a witness: "Sir, did I understand you to say that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?"

"I don't know what you may have understood," said the witness, "but if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manoeuvre that would warrant such a description."

HOW THE ROTHSCHILDS MANAGED.

When Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, the anxiety of Nathan Rothschild knew no bounds, and during the hundred days he went to Belgium, following in the wake of Wellington's army. Eager to gather the earliest information of events, which, he felt, would settle the fate of Europe for years to come, he did not even shrink from the perils of the field of battle. On the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, he rode on a quiet horse, hired at Brussels, over the ground in front of the Chateau of Hougoumont, close to the village of Waterloo. He was in company with a number of men well worth noticing. The foremost was the Duke of Wellington, riding on his chestnut charger Copenhagen, stern of aspect, his eagle eyes measuring the field in front for miles around, up to the hillock of Rosomme, where, at a table placed upon a mattress, sat a warrior before whose name Europe trembled. Behind the duke, and nearer to Nathan Rothschild, were a number of diplomatic gentlemen, among them Count Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Vincent, Gen. Alava, Baron Muffling, and others. The banker kept close to the German baron, eagerly inquiring after the chances of the coming struggle. It was uncertain, alas! and the fate of the English army and of the house of Rothschild hung in the balance together.

All day long, on the memorable 18th of June, Nathan Rothschild stood on the hill of Hougoumont to watch the progress of the great battle. He saw the French lines advance and retreat, and again advance and again retreat, Napoleon all the while sitting on his mattress, on the hill of Rosomme, with a large map outstretched before him. Napoleon Bonaparte on the hill of Rosomme—Nathan Rothschild on the hill of Hougoumont; the picture would be worth painting. From noon till six at night the whole field was enveloped in thick, white smoke, and when it blew off at last the troops of the French Emperor were seen in full retreat. It was near sunset, and Nathan perceived at a glance that the great battle of Waterloo was won—was won for him! Without losing a moment, Nathan spurred his horse and rode off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend. At the break of day of the 19th of June, Nathan Rothschild found himself at the coast opposite to England, but separated from the Thames and the Stock Exchange by a furious sea and waves dashing mountains high. In vain the banker offered 500, 600, 800 francs to be carried across the straits from Ostend to Deal or Dover. At last he cried that he would give 2,000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman risking his life to gain £80 pounds for his wife and children.

The frail bark which carried Caesar and his fortune sped swiftly over the waves, a sudden change in the wind to the eastward accelerating the progress to an unexpected degree. The sun was still on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild landed at Dover, and, without waiting, engaged the swiftest horses to carry him onward to the metropolis.

There was gloom in Threadneedle street, and gloom in all men's hearts, but gloomier than any looked Nathan Rothschild when he appeared on the morning of the 20th of June, leaning against his usual pillar at the Stock Exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that Field-Marshal Blucher, with his 117,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Ligny, fought during the 16th and 17th of June—Heaven only knew what had become of the handful of men under Wellington!

The dismal news spread like wildfire, and there was a tremendous fall in the funds. Nathan Rothschild's known agents sold with the rest, more anxious than any to get rid of their stock; but Nathan Rothschild's unknown agents bought every scrip of paper that was to be had, and left not off buying till the evening of the following day. It was only in the afternoon of the 21st of June, nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in England, that the news of the great battle and victory of Waterloo, and the utter rout of the Napoleonic host, got known. Nathan Rothschild, radiant with joy, was the first to inform his friends at the Stock Exchange of the happy event, spreading the news a quarter of an hour before it was given to the general public. Needless to say that the funds rose faster than they had fallen as soon as the official reports were published of the great battle of Waterloo.

Waterloo enriched the house of Rothschild by about £1,000,000 sterling, and laid the foundation of a European power for the descendants of Meyer Amschel, the poor broker of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PERSON inquired at one of the railroad stations what time the 7.45 train would start, and was told at a quarter to eight. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "you are always changing the time on this line."

Why is a scandal like a baby? Because the more crying it is, the more its belongings try to hush it.

A WOMAN's grief is very short. If she loses her husband, she pines only for a second.

A MAN to speak his mind, must have one to speak.

At the circus, women jump clean through hoops. In society they jump into them and stick there.

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going among some fascinating girls."

"I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

THE sittings of criminal courts are trying occasions.

THE woman who rejects an offer of marriage, practises slight of hand.

CATTLE are not ambitious of fame, but the very wind blows their horns for them.

AN Indiana paper refused lately to publish eulogiums gratis, but added:

"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

A LADY who would please herself in marrying, was warned that her husband was very singular.

"Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

JUDGE ROOKE, in going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head; but from the circumstance of his stooping very much it passed over him.

"You see," he said, "had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

THESE lines were written on seeing the vaults under a church used as wine cellars:

"A spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of real and a spirit of woe.
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

How to prevent flies from getting at your bacon in summer. Eat it all in the early spring.

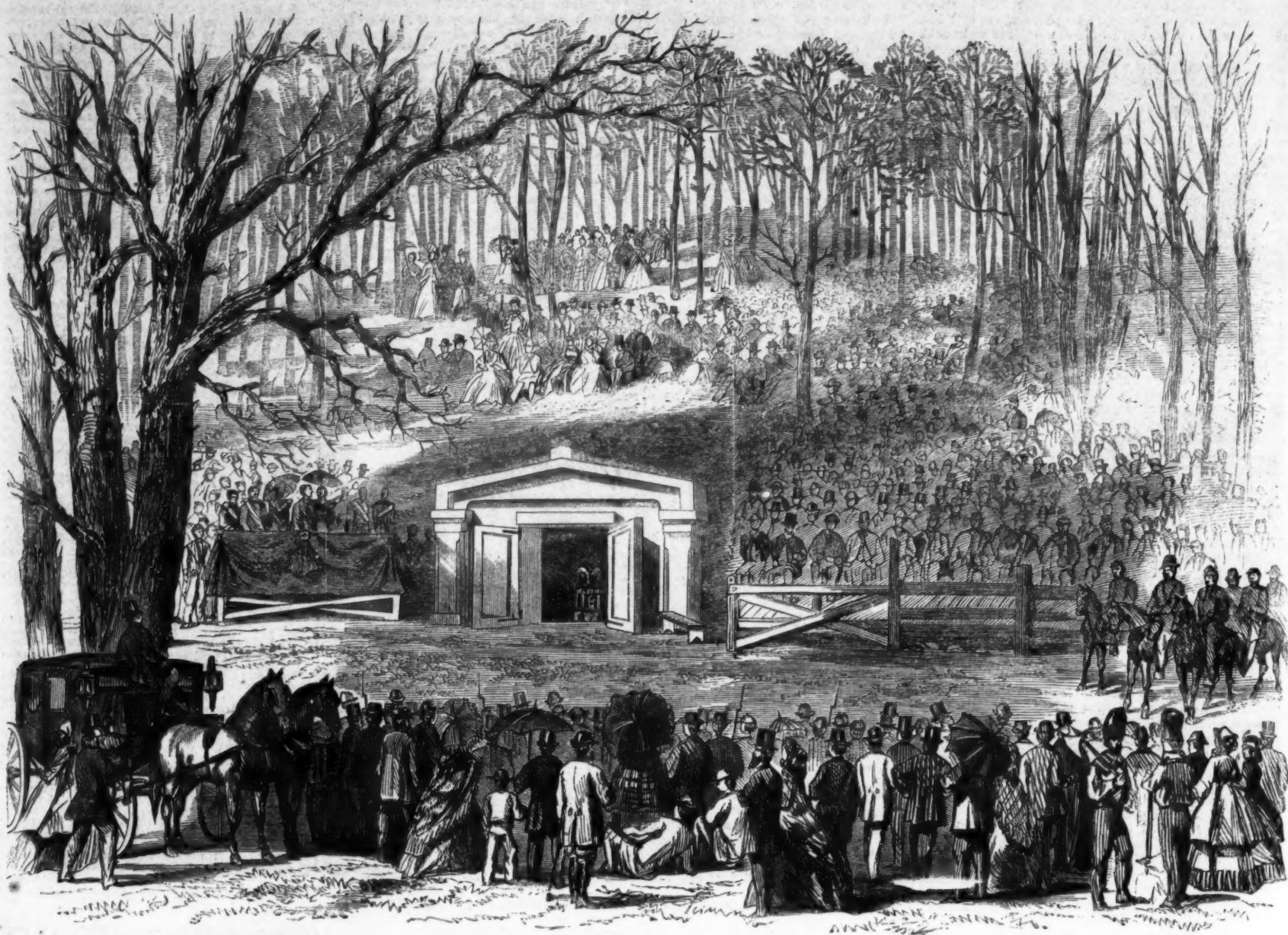
"Now, papa, what is humbug?"

"It is," replied papa, "when one pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

WHEN is an author most like a puppy? When he carries his tale with him.

AN Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be buried after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

THE weathercock, after all, points to the highest moral truth, for it shows man that it is a vain thing to aspire.



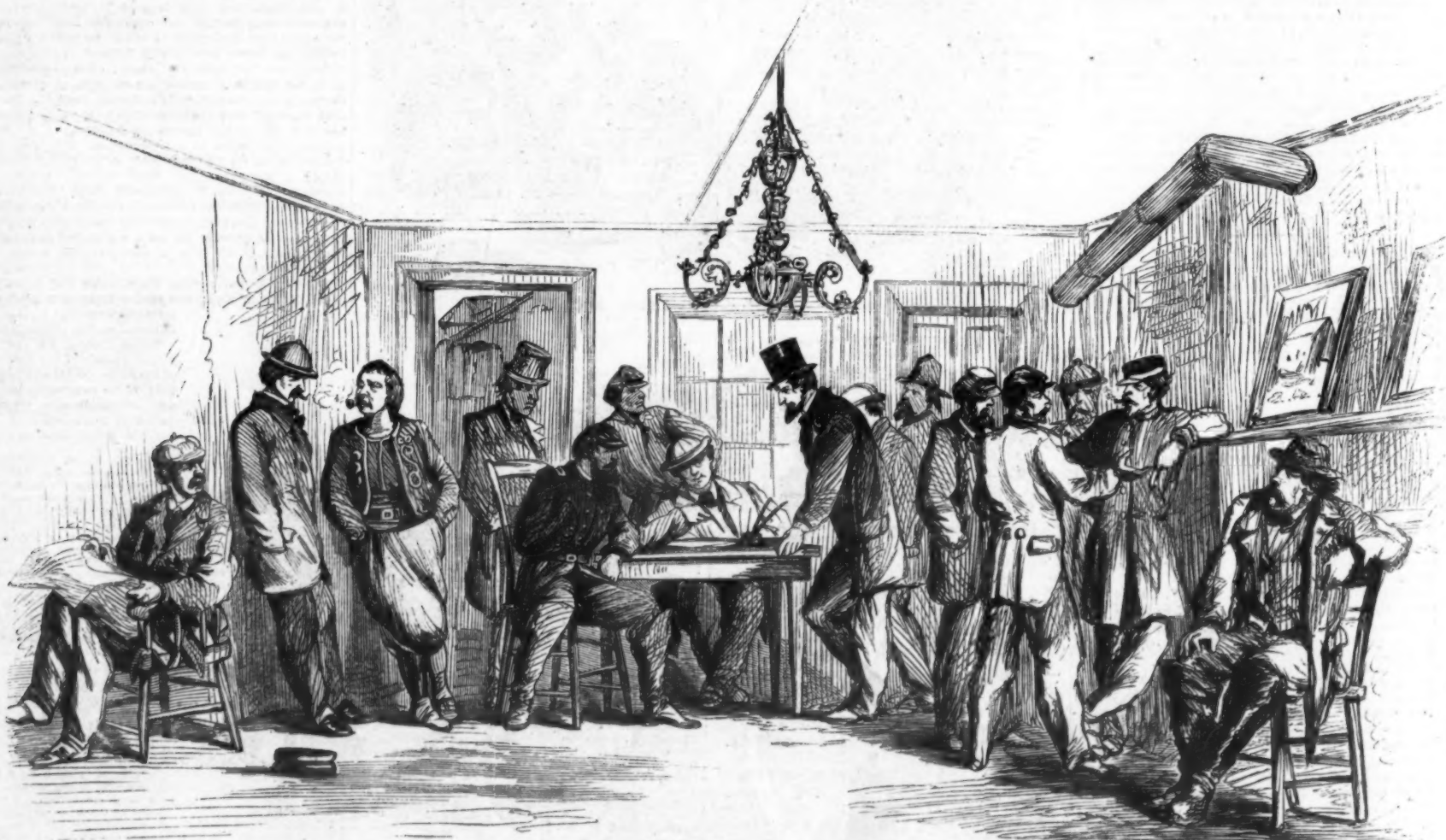
THE TOMB OF THE PRESIDENT.—FUNERAL SERVICE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOMAS HOGAN.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The words of the English language are a compound of several foreign languages. The English language may be looked upon as a compilation, both in words and expressions, of various dialects. Their origin is from the Saxon lan-

guage. Our laws were derived from the Norman our military terms from the French, scientific names from the Greek, and our stock of nouns from the Latin, through the medium of the French. Almost all the verbs in the English language are taken from the

German, and nearly every noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,733 words—of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,312 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon, 1,669 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 214 from the Italian,

106 from the German (not including verbs) 90 from the Welch, 75 from the Danish, 56 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 31 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.



EMIGRATION TO MEXICO.—HEADQUARTERS OF COL. WM. N. ALLEN, HOWARD AND CROSBY STREETS, NEW YORK, WITH THE ENROLLMENT OF DISCHARGED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LELAND'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, UNION HOTEL GROUNDS, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 151.

TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In February, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, the President elect, left Springfield to assume one of the most perplexing positions ever occupied by man. Nobly has he gone through the ordeal, sanctified by his martyrdom. On May 3rd, 1865, his mortal remains were solemnly conveyed to that same little country town, and deposited in the tomb erected since his assassination.

The place where his loved and honored remains repose is Oak Ridge Cemetery, a public burial place, about two miles from Springfield, and here the monument will be raised to the memory of a man who will always rank after Washington in the memory of every true American. Bishop Simpson made a very appropriate address on the occasion, in which he feelingly drew the honest patriot, who, at the same time, was as sagacious as he was simple-minded. Our space will only permit us to add what our Special Artist says: "Nothing could exceed the solemnity and deep sorrow that hung on every face of the great crowd of spectators that witnessed the close of the funeral honors to our departed President. It seemed as though they had lost not only their chief magistrate, but their most valued friend."

We were betrayed into an inaccuracy last week in giving credit to the wrong photographers in our captions to the Chicago pictures. The very brilliant views, of which we availed ourselves for those engravings, were not by Anschuler, as stated, but by Mr. S. M. Fassett, 114 and 116 South Clark street, Chicago, who was too modest at first to put his name to his pictures.

EMIGRATION TO MEXICO.

The headquarters of Col. W. H. Allen, corner of Howard and Crosby streets, were opened the beginning of last week for the enrolment of emigrants for Mexico, and were immediately besieged with applicants eager to join in the movement; hundreds of stalwart men registered their names on the books. Among the applicants were numbers of sailors and other persons who have seen service in the United States navy. The rush of discharged soldiers and army officers to join in the expedition was perfectly surprising. The enrolment clerks were kept busy, and the enthusiasm continuing, if became necessary for Col. Allen to establish branch ofices in various parts of the city. The success of this quiet appeal to the American public, it is said, has astounded the agents of President Juarez, who had no idea when they commenced



THE SOLITARY HYDRANT IN LIBREY PRISON.

operations here that the response would be so overwhelming. Gen. Ortega, it is stated, expresses himself as immensely satisfied over the manner in which his plans are working, and apprehends no serious obstacles to the triumphal issue of the expedition.

AMBULANCE OWNED BY THE U. S. ENGINE CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The good people of Philadelphia, ever since the war broke out, have been very attentive to the soldiers passing through their city. Two large restaurants have been in constant operation for four years in feeding the brave boys; and a number of hospitals, some of them very large, are located either in the city or in the healthiest part of the suburbs. A want occurred, in removing the invalid heroes from the railroad depots to these charitable institutions, and this has been met by the firemen of Philadelphia in the manner represented in our engraving. The various fire companies vie with each other in the splendor and luxury of these carriages. There are 35 of them altogether. They can be summoned all at once from their various locations, for immediate duty in transporting wounded men from the hospital near the Baltimore railroad depot to the large ones at a distance—the most commodious of which is at Chestnut Hill, 10 miles north-west of the city.

The Chief-Engineer of the Philadelphia Fire Department, David M. Lyle, has shown himself creditably active in attending to these duties of mercy, which, in a technical sense, are altogether outside of the claims of his office. In May alone, 1864, 24,000 men were safely and commodiously transported by this means.

THAT most flippant of diplomatic asses, Prince Schwartzburg, was so grossly impertinent as to remark sneeringly to Lord Ward, that English diplomats spoke shocking bad French. "Ah," said the English nobleman to the Austrian satirist, "you must remember that we have not had the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of the continental nations."

ONE of the officers investigating the plot of the murder of the President had occasion to question a woman who is in some way connected with the affair. She kept flippantly asserting that "S'help me heaven I don't know anything about it, and n'help me heaven I don't tell an untruth, for I never told a lie in my life," keeping on in her voluble assertions till at length the officer quietly interrupted her with the assurance that it did not much matter to him what she revealed, but it might be better for her; at which she became a little



AMBULANCE OF THE U. S. FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., FOR TRANSPORTING WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO THE HOSPITALS.—SKETCHED BY F. SCHELL.

indignant and asked what they could do with her if she knew about the matter and wouldn't tell it. "Why," responded the officer, "in case you prove to be implicated as much as I am afraid you are, you might be hanged." At this reply she was a trifle moved and said: "Justice should be tempered with clemency." Said the officer in conclusion: "Ah, yes, my dear madam, but you forget that the clemency man is dead." For the first time the lady saw it in that light and wept.

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Have superiority of actual melodious power, and a purity and vocality of tone, a perfection of touch, a just mechanical construction, securing

Novelty, Elegance, Strength,

And will stand in tune longer than any other form of piano. All are invited to examine these remarkable instruments. Warehouses, Nos. 171 & 173 Mercer street, and No. 2 Leroy Place, Blocker's street.

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THE
NATION'S LOSS.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
APRIL 15, 1865.

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have already revolutionized the card trade, and still the work is only commenced. So great has been the demand for these Cards that the Company has scarcely been able to supply one grade, without attempting the manufacture of other qualities. By the increased facilities which have been added, through great expense, they are now prepared to fill all orders on the day received, and the cordial co-operation of all who love the EAGLE, SHERID, STARS and FLAG OF THE UNION is respectfully invited.

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COLONELS remove Kings; the GODDESS OF LIBERTY scorns Queens; and the MASON is high to any Jack in Christendom. In order to secure your interest in the general circulation of the UNION CARDS, the following prices have been established, at which you will be supplied:

2 Packs sent by mail, postpaid, for - \$1 00
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No. 15649..... "..... 50,000
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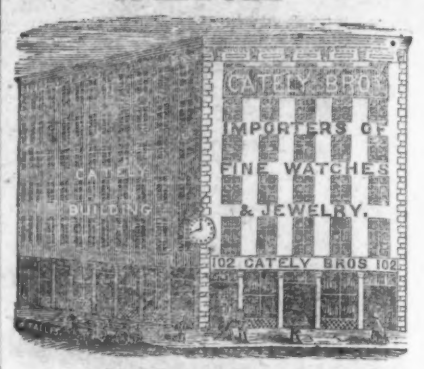
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To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
000 VICTOR DELAFO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Beauty.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,
A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price \$1.18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.
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135 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address to T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from \$15 to \$20 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York. 452-504

FREE READING!

Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Everybody—send us your address. Will, in return, send you a large family newspaper, replete with good miscellaneous reading matter. Sent gratis.

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Courtship Made Easy. Love Making Explained. Love Letters, etc. 50,000 sold. 64 pp. Only 15 cents. Free by mail. Address HUNTER & CO., Hindsdale, N. H. 503-506

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MANHATTAN ARMS CO.
Newark, N. J.—Our Colt Model Navy Pistol is of best material and wrought throughout. Parts interchangeable. Every Pistol warranted one year. Best Pistol made for army officers, being 8 oz. lighter than any Pistol using Government cartridges. 494-519

For Every Loyal Breast.

LINCOLN MOURNING PINS in Silver Plate; New Designs in Black and White Satin. Perfect Pictures. By Mail, 25c.; or 20 for \$4; 100 for \$17; 1,000 for \$150. Mailing to last for 60 days. Send your orders at once.
SALISBURY BRO. & CO.,
501-4 Providence, R. I.

CARD PICTURES

Of all the distinguished Generals, such as Gen. Grant, Phil Sheridan, Gen. Sherman, etc. Send for a sample hundred. Price only \$5 per hundred, or \$1 per dozen, 50 cents the half dozen. The cards are just the thing to carry in your Photograph Album. Any of the above cards will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Address all orders plainly to
C. L. BRIGGS, Publisher,
92 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

WHISKERS. For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address
429-511 E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Whiskers! Moustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA FLUID is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent article, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, for \$1. Address Dr. H. DE FORREST, Albany, N. Y. 497-509

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.—Samples and Catalogues sent for 50 cents. Enclose an envelope with your name and address.
D. HEMMETTE, 58½ Liberty St., N. Y.

J. Wilkes Booth Photograph. Price 25 cents. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

To Beautify the Complexion use SANFORD'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL. The Enamel will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples or Sunburn in from four to five days. It whitens the skin permanently, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin.
Sent, postpaid, for \$1. Address
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UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, etc. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address for 75 cts., by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 498-510

The Book of Wonders tells how to make CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all kinds of Omelets and Curing Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventri-locism; Made Easy; Information of Importance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, etc., etc., etc. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address Box 3057 E. O., New York.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers.—Patent Pin Cushion, Postage 5¢, Box, and 20 more novel and useful Articles. FR. CRAYON PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, size 12 by 24 in., sample by mail 50 cts. Send stamp or e. vular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St. N. Y.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.

One Million Dollars!

To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for \$1 each!

200 Musical Boxes.....	EACH \$20 to \$150
150 " " with Bells and Castanets.....	200 " 500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns.....	20 " 50
500 " " Chasing Dishes.....	20 " 100
1,000 " " Ice Pickers.....	20 " 50
2,500 " " Syrup Cups with Silver.....	20 " 50
5,000 " " Goblets and Drinking Cups.....	5 " 50
3,000 " " Castors.....	15 " 50
2,000 " " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.....	20 " 50
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons.....	PER DOZEN \$10 " 20
10,000 " " Table Spoons and Forks.....	20 " 40

250 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches.....

250 Ladies' Gold and Enamel-case Watches.....

500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches.....

200 Diamond Rings.....

5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains.....

3,000 " " Oval Band Bracelets.....

5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets.....

2,000 Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains.....

7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches.....

5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches.....

5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.....

7,500 Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops.....

4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins.....

3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys.....

4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides.....

5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons.....

3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.....

10,000 Miniature Lockets.....

4,000 " " Magic Spring.....

3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.....

5,000 Plain Gold Rings.....

5,000 Chased Gold Rings.....

10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings.....

10,000 California Diamond Rings.....

7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold.....

6,000 " " Cameo, Pearl, Opal and other stones.....

10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils.....

10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders.....

5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders.....

5,000 Ladies' Gift and Jet Buckles.....

5,000 " " Hair Bars and Balls.....

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a Great Gift Distribution, subject to the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty-five for \$10; and a hundred for \$15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered for \$1 each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be \$50 or \$100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, New York City, Feb. 19, 1895.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1894.*

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable Jewellery of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 3, 1894.*

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1894.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1894.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the Jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lansing), Aug. 17, 1894.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1894, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought home 20 articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c., worth over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

All to be sold for \$1 each, without regard to value. Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. During the month ending, March 31, 1895.

T. & H. CAUCHAN & CO.

have had the honor of distributing among their patrons six hundred and ninety Gold and Silver Watches at \$1 each. Splendid list of articles, all to be sold for \$1 each:

250 Solid Silver Dining Sets.....	\$75 to \$300
500 Silver Salvers and Urns.....	50 to 250
500 Solid Silver Tea Sets, complete.....	50 to 300
150 Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs.....	75 to 250
200 Mahogany Musical Boxes, 32 airs.....	50 to 200
250 Gold Hunting-Watches.....	75 to 250
250 Ladies' Enamelled Gold Watches.....	50 to 200
500 Gents' Hunting Silver Watches.....	35 to 100
500 Open-face Silver Watches.....	25 to 50
250 Diamond Rings.....	50 to 100
5,000 Photo. Albums, all sizes.....	5 to 50
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains.....	15 to 30
5,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets.....	5 to 10
5,000 Chased Gold Bracelets.....	5 to 10
2,000 Chatelaine and Guard Chains.....	5 to 20
7,000 Solitaire and Revolving Brooches.....	5 to 10
2,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....	4 to 10
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches.....	4 to 10
5,000 Mosaic and Jet and Lava Eardrops.....	4 to 10
7,500 Coral and Emerald Eardrops.....	3 to 8
5,000 California Diamond Pins.....	5 to 20
5,000 California Cluster Diamond Pins.....	3 to 10
3,000 Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs.....	3 to 10
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.....	3 to 8
10,000 Lockets, double glass.....	3 to 5
10,000 Lockets for miniatures.....	5 to 10
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.....	3 to 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings.....	4 to 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings.....	4 to 10
10,000 Shield and Signet Rings.....	3 to 10
10,000 California and Diamond Rings.....	3 to 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, jet.....	5 to 10
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, coral.....	5 to 10
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, opal.....	10 to 15
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, lava.....	12 to 20
2,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, mosaic.....	20 to 30
10,000 Gold Pens, with Gold Holders.....	5 to 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Holders, superior.....	6 to 12
5,000 Gold Pens and Holders.....	10 to 15
5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups.....	8 to 10
3,000 Silver Castors and Wine Holders.....	15 to 20
2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets.....	20 to 50

Messrs. T. & H. CAUCHAN & CO., No. 116 Broadway New York, extensive Manufacturers and Importers of all the leading and most fashionable styles of Watches and Jewellery, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a Great Gift Distribution, subject to the regulations following: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to each address, on receipt of 25 cents. All articles sold at \$1 each, without regard to value.

On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for \$1, and in no case can they get less than \$1's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of certificates is as follows: 1 for 25 cents; 5 for \$1; 11 for \$2; 30 for \$5; 65 for \$10; 100 for \$15. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to \$1. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps.

T. & H. CAUCHAN & CO., No. 116 Broadway, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Shultz's Curlique, for Curling the Hair. Price, by mail, \$1. Warranted. Address
499-511 C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done."—Whiskers in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventri-locism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hindsdale, N. H. 503-506

Soldiers send Stamp for our Mammoth Catalogue. Address HUNTER & CO., Hindsdale, N. H. 503-506

The Great Money-Making Article. Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address
500 F. H. MARTIN, Hindsdale, N. H.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERRE BIBON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Shultz's Ointment, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y. 499-511

Young Man,

Would you sport a fine Beard or Moustache? If so, use the Parisian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville, of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of \$1. Address S. S. CHASE, 499-511 Cohoes, N. Y., P. O. Drawer, 259.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M.D., 250 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White Street, New York.

J. Wilkes Booth Photograph. Price 25 cents. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

5 cents.—"RICHMOND IS OURS!" and "IT'S ALL UP IN DIXIE!" two new and popular Songs, just out, mailed free for only FIVE CENTS. Address "BANNER," Hindsdale, N. H. 501-4

JEWELLERY! JEWELLERY!

\$200,000 worth of Watches, Chains and fine Jewellery, all to be sold for \$1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1; then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for \$1, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; 13 for \$2; 33 for \$5; 100 for \$15. Great inducements offered those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, sent with the Certificate. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY CO.,
55 Liberty street, New York City.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Italian Medicated Soap,

It is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chlores, Tender Flesh, etc., beside being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for washed, red and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, gray or light hair to a beautiful black or brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy and silky. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

By mail, Italian Medicated Soap, 75 cents; Poudre Subtile, \$1.30; Liquid Rouge, 75 cents.

Agents—Callender, Philadelphia; Bates, Boston; Johnson, Detroit; Keyser, Pittsburgh; and Druggists generally.

BARD & BROTHERS'

(ESTABLISHED 1845)

GOLD PENS.

PEN AND PENCIL CASES.

Also Manufacturers of BARD & WILSON'S Patent Angular-Nib Gold Pens.

JAS. D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Reputing Pens, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

Whiskers and Moustaches

in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retail for \$6 each. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-526

THE CELEBRATED

HUMPHREYS' HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

One of Dr. Humphrey's cases of medicines, containing thirty-five vials, embraces remedies for every well-known disease, and costs \$10. A family provided with one of them, will save during the year, ten times the amount of their cost, in obviating the necessity of medical attendance, besides securing its members from protracted and serious illness.

Singles boxes for any particular disease, 25 cents to \$1.

Sent by mail at above prices. Address

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY,
562 Broadway, New York.

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

Splendid Steel Engravings, and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want Agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will pay 500 per cent. profit, and our Stationery Packets contain good paper and envelopes, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to Agents. \$17 will obtain 100 packets and a fine Silver Watch. A sample packet, also one certificate in our great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular mailed free.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman street, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted and spread information, which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
504-505 Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

CALEBERG & VAUPEL'S PIANOFORTES.

99 & 101 Bleeker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years.

ITCH. (WHEATON'S) ITCH. SCRATCH. (OINTMENT) SCRATCH.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cts. to Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 497-5250

STAMMERING

Cured by Bates's Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address H. C. L. MEARS, 277 W. 23d St., N. Y. 6000

FREE.—A PHOTOGRAPH of GEN. GRANT will be sent, free, to any address, upon application to ORAW-FORD & WILLS, No 167 Broadway, N. Y. 503-90

WARD'S PATENT FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS

387 B'WAY, N.Y. & ALL GENTS FURNISHING STORES.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Certain parties are infringing on my rights by selling a common worthless printed paper collar. All collars made by me have my name on the collars and box also.

The paper used for my superior collars is made from linen rags, which makes them very strong in the button-holes.

The Trade supplied by the following agents:
New York: E. S. JAFFRAY & CO.
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Cincinnati, Ohio: LEAVITT & BEVIS and OTTINGER BLATT & CO.
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Oswego, N. Y.: E. KLOCK & OULD.
Utica, N. Y.: M. FIZSIMONS.
Albany, N. Y.: FRYER & KNOWLTON.
Louisville, Ky.: J. VON BORVIES & CO.
Washington, D. C.: WALL, STEVENS & CO.

Manufactory, 387 Broadway, N. Y.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16 Karat Gold, richly Enamelled (Stamped and Warranted) at \$3 and \$5 each; also, 100 other styles of every size—Plain, Enamel and Fancy—at from \$2 to \$10 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address

E. P. BEACH,
12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

USE THE BEST!

IT WILL CERTAINLY DESTROY MOTHS. Now is the time. Ask for BOWDEN'S Moth-Destroying Powder, for preserving Cloths, Furs, Carpets, Robes, Blankets, and all Woolen Goods, from Moths and all Destructive Insects. For sale by all Druggists.

STEINWAY & SONS,

Manufacturers of

Grand, Square and Upright Pianos,
Warehouses, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.,
Between Union Square and Irving Place,
NEW YORK.



A TIMELY WARNING.

ESCAPED SOUTHERNER—"The Yanks have nabbed old Jeff. You had better look sharp or they'll nab you, Max."

Max—"Mein Gott—I am all ready for de start."

Army, Navy and Memorial Badges
B. T. HAYWARD,
208 Broadway, New York.



I have now THE REGULATION BADGE for every Corps and Division in the Army and Navy; also Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Pontonier and Masonic PINS.

AGENTS WANTED. Now is your time. Every officer and soldier in the army will want a Badge of his favorite Corps. I will send a sample (Pure Silver Coin) with your name, regiment and company handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of \$1.50 (except the 15th Corps, which is \$2). I will send a genuine 15 carat Gold Ring for either Division or Corps on the receipt of \$3 or \$5 (two sizes).

The NEW MEMORIAL MEDAL of our late President, with his true Likeness on one side, and on the opposite the Date of his Birth, First and Second Inauguration, and of his Death, I will send on the receipt of 50 cents. There is no person in the Union who will not want one of these as a keepsake.

I will also send THE RICHMOND MEDAL, giving the Date of its Capture and a true Likeness of Gen. Grant, suspended by the American Eagle, on receipt of 50 cents.

Gold Badges of every description made to order. With each order I will send my wholesale illustrated circular to Agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,

Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR!

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run, Yorktown, Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Fredericksburg, Fairfax, Dutch Gap, Pontoon Trains, Hanover Junction, Lookout Mountain, Chickahominy, City Point,	Nashville, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Belle Plain, Monitors, Chattanooga, Fort Morgan, Atlanta, Richmond, Petersburg, Charleston, Mobile, &c., &c.
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Everybody is interested in these memorable scenes. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

Just published by

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS!

The Johnson Pen is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the least money of any in use. They are made of 14 karats Fine Gold and warranted for one year (written guarantee when required). Pens in Solid Silver Extension Cases, \$1.75; Ebony Slide Holders, \$1.75; Rubber Reservoir Holders, \$2.50; Telescopic Extension Cases, \$2.50; Duplex Silver Cases, \$4; Ebony Holders and Morocco Boxes, \$1.50; Pens repointed, 50 cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturing Office,
400-508
15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

\$12 Made from \$2.00.—Agents wanted to sell the likeness of the late PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME; beautifully engraved and printed in tint on paper, 18 x 24 inches. Sells readily for ONE DOLLAR. Send 25 cents for sample to
F. W. SUMNER & CO., No. 41 Park Row, N. Y.

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

SOLDIERS, FARMERS, MECHANICS AND EVERYBODY throughout the Country, will receive by mail, a First-Class Interesting Newspaper, FREE, by sending their address to Editors Army and Home Journal, 40 Ann Street, New York.



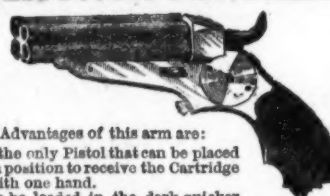
"Self-adjusting," Enamelled "Snow-white," "Linen Finished," \$7 and \$9 per doz. Samples mailed 75 cents, \$1. Illusion Stitched, \$1.25; Suitable Tie, \$1; Gent's Steel Shirt Bosoms, \$5; Cuffs, \$2; Ladies' Illusion Embroidered Steel Cuffs, \$1.50; Collar, \$1.50. Send "size" and "price." Trade supplied.

BILLON & FOGGAN,
Inventors, Patentees and Manufacturers, 78 Nassau Street, New York.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

502-70 See advertisement on page 126.

Starr's Repeating Four-Shooter. SAFEST POCKET-PISTOL MADE.



The Advantages of this arm are:

1. It is the only Pistol that can be placed in position to receive the Cartridge with one hand.
2. It can be loaded in the dark quicker than any other Pistol, and with no danger.
3. It carries a heavier Cartridge than any pistol of the same size.
4. It is the safest Pistol to load, shoot or carry, as a premature discharge is impossible.
5. It has less parts than any other Pistol, and is less liable to get out of order.
6. It shoots the ordinary metal Cartridge that can be purchased anywhere.

TO BE FOUND AT THE PRINCIPAL GUN AND HARDWARE DEALERS.

MERRILL PATENT FIREARMS CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Great Sale OF WATCHES AND JEWELLERY, BY A. H. ROWEN & CO.,

(Agents for the Manufacturers.)
No. 35 Beekman Street, New York.

\$1,000,000 WORTH!!

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

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| 100 Gold Hunting-case Watches | each \$125 |
| 100 Gold Watches, various styles | each 75 |
| 200 Ladies' Gold Watches | each 50 |
| 500 Silver Watches | each 25 to 35 |
| 1,000 Gold Pens and Gold Holders | each 15 to 25 |
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and a large assortment of Jewellery of every description, for Ladies' and Gents' wear, varying in value from \$3 to \$25 each.

The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:
Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Five for \$1; Eleven for \$2; Thirty for \$5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Send 25 cents for one certificate and our circular, with terms. Address

A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
P. O. Box 1270, New York.

\$7 ARMY \$10 WATCH.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "Minutest" Calendar, indicating the Day of the Week, Month, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only \$10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only \$7.

English and American LEVERS from \$25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions.

Address CHAS. P. RORTON & CO., Sole Importers,
88 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GOLD MEDAL Grand and Square PIANOS,

BALTIMORE, MD.



Sent on application.

A full assortment of the above celebrated instruments at J. BAUER & CO.'s Warehouses,
No. 650 Broadway, N. Y.

ARCANA WATCH.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18 carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with Panel and Shield for name, with Patent Push Pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold, as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. James Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good timekeeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all Hunting Cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or Express for \$125. A single one sent in an elegant Morocco Case for \$25, will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our Trade Mark.

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Children's Fine Carriages,

Spring Horses, Cantering Horses, Baby Tenders, Self-Operating Swings and Toys. L. TIBBALS, 510 Broadway, directly opposite St. Nicholas. 503-60

Views of the Celebration at Fort Sumter. Henry Ward Beecher's Address, etc., 50 cents per set. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address H. C. FOSTER, Photographer, Charleston, S. C. 503-60

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EAGLE GAS COOKING STOVES AND RANGES

Will Boil, Broil, Roast, Toast, Bake, Stew, Fry, Heat Irons, etc., etc.

Send for descriptive Catalogue.

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A CARD.

DEAR SIR—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free), a Recipe, with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove in ten days Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

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